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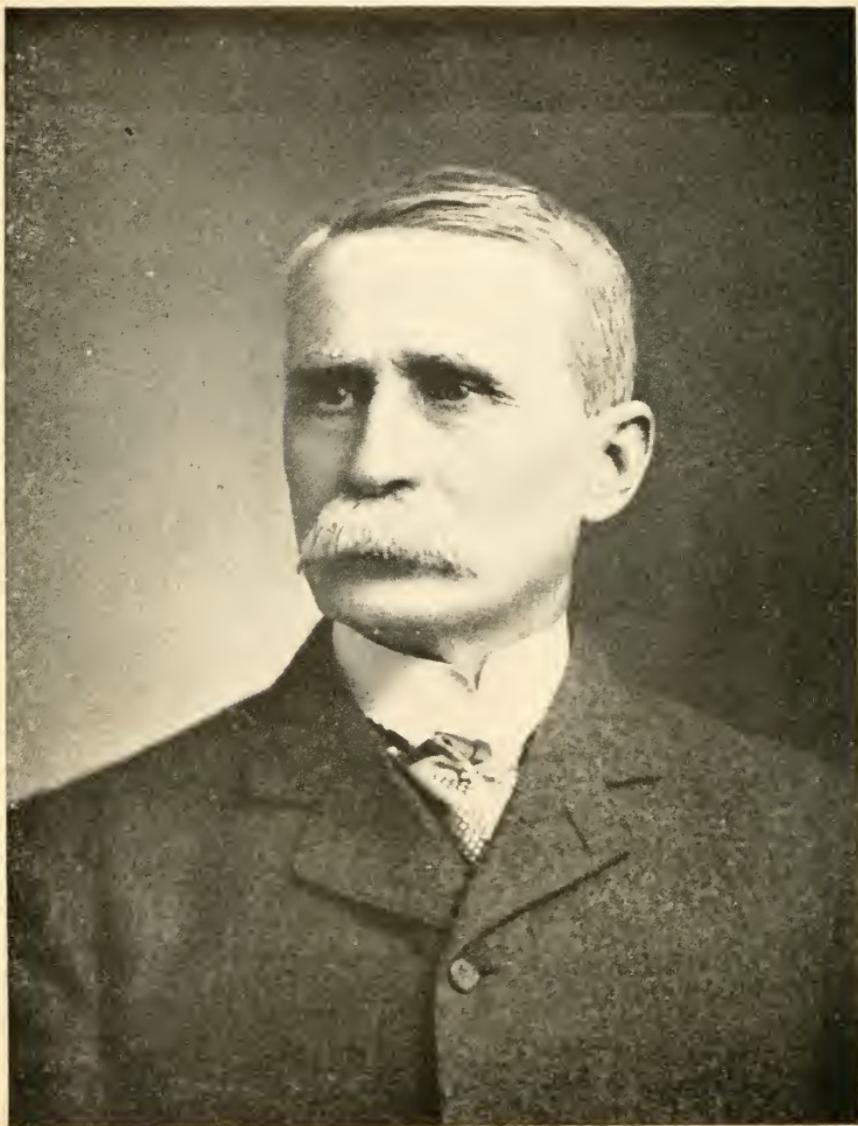






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FRANK MOODY MILLS

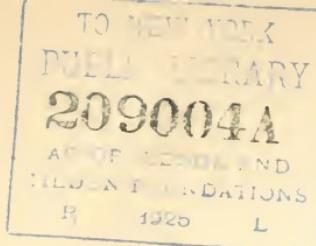
SOMETHING ABOUT  
—  
**The Mills Family**

AND ITS  
Collateral Branches  
WITH  
Autobiographical Reminiscences

COMPILED AND PREPARED  
BY  
**Frank Moody Mills**  
(APRIL 4, 1911)

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

1911



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*This Book of Fact, Tradition  
and Reminiscence is Lovingly  
Dedicated to My Descendants.*

—F. M. Mills.

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*Des Moines, April 4, 1911.*

## INTRODUCTORY

A short time ago my children at Des Moines and my good wife concluded that as many of the family as could conveniently arrange it, should meet together at our old home, Des Moines, to signalize my forthcoming anniversary. We are rather too widely separated to make it unanimous, but most of the children and their children have signified their intention to be present. It is my hope that it will be entirely informal and that we will have a good little visit together.

I have always intended to put together what I knew and might be able to gather in regard to our family history and when this gathering was decided upon, although the time was short, I determined to write up what I had at hand. Unfortunately the documents, the letters and papers and some things I had written from time to time were at Benton Harbor and there has not been time since I thought of it to get them and make proper use of them. If I am not called hence too soon I will endeavor to supplement this sketch with fuller details. This is hurriedly written and poorly put together, but it will serve, perhaps, to satisfy in a degree, the anxiety you have expressed from time to time to get something of the family history.

I am regretting as you all are doubtless, that, while there was opportunity to secure more information about our ancestors, that we neglected to do so. I have heard my father and mother and other relatives

tell of their early days and adventures and of their parents, their grandfathers and great grandfathers, and the traditions of the family far back, but no record was made. Letters that would seem worth their weight in gold to us now, were lost or destroyed. Although I have heard many times the names of far back ancestors, I do not know now the first name of my mother's grandfather and not back of my great grandfather on my father's side.

I will now or at some future time give you the full data as far back as I have it and I ask each one of you to make it a point to set down all the incidents of note in your lives and families that they may be handed down to your descendants, and each one of the youngsters as they marry and start out in life for themselves should make it a point to get as full a history as possible of the ancestors of their wives' or husbands' families and make a record of it.

This may strike you as a matter of but little importance now, but the time will come when you will be as interested in it as I am now, when you will be glad to know of your ancestry and the beginning of your family history. As one grows older and things of the present lose their immediate importance, we want to know where and whom we came from.

What's in a name? The nomenclature of the world is a matter of mystery and of growth. As people multiplied on the face of the earth, they had to be designated in some way and their personal characteristics and some times incidents, served to distinguish them, their location, their occupation, or their parentage, served to supply them with a name, which afterwards attached itself to them and to the families that came after them.

The Whites and the Browns and the Blacks were so

called from their complexions, the Smiths, the Carpenters, the Wrights, the Painters, the Coopers, the Millers were named from their trades. The Mills family were doubtless originally the men who ground the grain for their bread, and who accommodated their neighbors, who came to their mill with their grain, with the grist in one end of a bag and a stone or the jug in the other end, which went back to the home with the liquid encouragement which from the time before Noah was used to brace up the early man for his struggle with life's difficulties. So the Mills' were amongst the first of the world's people to embark in the big enterprise of milling, in its various ramifications. The miller and the blacksmith and the different variety of Smiths were the first real lords of the country, the Aristocracy of the early world, and to-day the big captains of industry are the millers. The steel Mills, the flouring Mills, the lumber Mills, the cotton Mills are not only the lords of the money world and the connecting link between labor and capital, but are behind all the world's work, the background of royalty, the producer of labor for the poor and of luxuries for the rich; the stability of society and the security of the governments of the world, and the assurance of the world's progress and prosperity. So we Mills can justly claim that there are none who can claim superiority over us. While we do not claim to be better than other people, there are none who are better.

## THE BEST OF LIFE

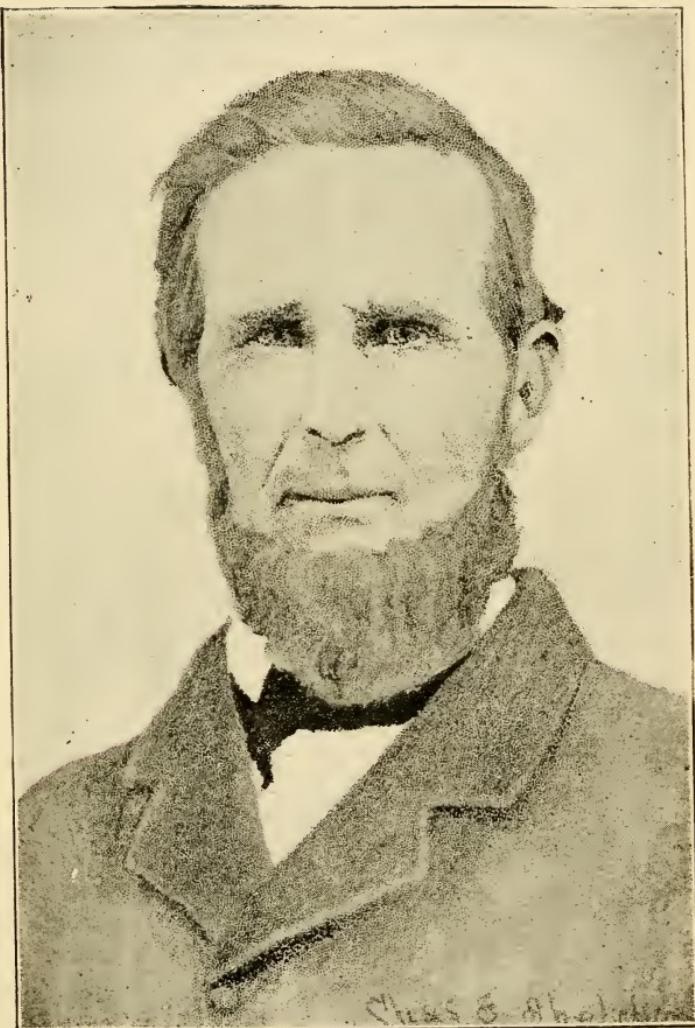
*To my boyhood chum, T. D. Brown of Crawfordsville, Ind., who sent me Richard Henry Stoddard's poem, "Three Score Years and Ten."*

"The Best of Life went long ago,"  
The poet says. Old friend, not so!  
For everything we've had of worth  
Is with us yet. The glowing earth  
Has present joys, while of the past,  
All that was good will ever last.

For memory lives and nothing's lost,  
We've had our day and paid the cost,  
And it is ours to realize  
That we still hold the things we prize.  
Though they have passed beyond our ken,  
There's nothing lost that's ever been.

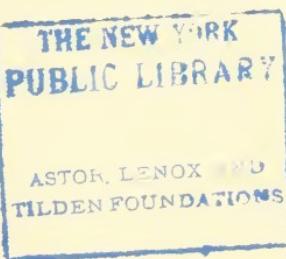
The early days we may recall,  
And live them over one and all  
And the dear ones of the long gone days,  
Their charms and all their dear sweet ways  
Come back to us and once again  
We hear and sing Life's glad refrain.

—Frank Moody Mills.



D A N M I L L S

Born April 3, 1801; died August 5, 1887.



## THE MILLS FAMILY

The Mills family is without doubt a very old and, of course, a high-born family. The name appears of record at intervals in the annals of the English race. The name implies that, at the very least, it has been a highly important and useful branch of the body politic. The family was the first to establish mills for grinding grain—for founding manufactories of different sorts, and for their services to their country and government were rewarded, some by being ennobled and some by various grants and emoluments.

While the Mills's cannot claim they have founded a dynasty, or that their names have been written very high up in the annals of history, yet there are many noted men who have made a name for themselves, and there have been lords and ladies who were not ashamed of their patronymic and who are known in the realms of science and statesmanship, but our interest is especially in our branch of the family, and it is unfortunate that we are unable to trace closely back to our remote ancestors because of the missing links, yet we are sure that we are of no mean lineage, as we cannot find, that in all the history of the family, any individual member of it has ever been guilty of a mean action. They have been always respected in whatever locality they have lived and in whatever vocation they have followed. They have been honest, law abiding citizens, good neighbors, loyal to their govern-

ment, generous to the poor,—not time-servers nor obsequious to the rich or powerful, but just to all.

There are many of the name of Mills scattered all over the country, but I have scarcely ever met a man of the name who did not bear the family resemblance. D. O. Mills, the multi-millionaire of New York, although no relationship is known, looks so much like my father, that I was startled on seeing his portrait in a magazine a few years ago. Congressman Mills of Chicago looks enough like my brother Jacob to be his twin. In Crawfordsville there were three men of the name, of near the same age, one Prof. Mills of Wabash College, from New Hampshire, Elijah Mills, a strong anti-slavery advocate from Maine, and my father, none of them even distantly related, so far as known, all looked very much alike. Of later years the admixture of blood from so many different families has changed the physical appearance considerably, but the characteristics still crop out.

On the Mills-Webb side, the Welsh-English blood predominates, except in the younger generations.

The name of Mills occurs so frequently in the early history of the country as to indicate they were important members of it.

My great grandfather, Thomas Mills, was a man of substance in Virginia and I am assured took part in the early struggles of the country for independence and in fighting Indians. I have not been able to learn his fathers given name. I am quite sure there are distant relatives living, and records in existence that can carry back the records of the family farther and I hope by correspondence and personal investigation to learn much more about our antecedents, but I feel that I should not delay in recording what I know personally and have ascertained up to the present time. If

I am unable to add anything hereafter to what I now give perhaps some of you may be interested in continuing the search and in supplying each one of you a copy of this sketch, I enjoin you to add to your copy all that pertains now to your own immediate family and to continue the family history so that your descendants will know who they are and from whom they descended.

My great grandfather, Thomas Mills, was married in Virginia to Martha Phillips, who was born in Wales. They had a number of sons and daughters, but I recall only the names of Thomas, and Lewis, Joel, and my grandfather, Jacob. My grandfather, Jacob Mills, married Mary Webb, whose father, John Webb, a Welshman, was married to Rachel Davis.

Tradition has it that the original of the Webb family in this country was stolen from the coast of Wales when a child, lured on a vessel, carried across the ocean in a sailing vessel on a cruise that lasted several months and landed in Virginia where his services were sold for a term of years for so much tobacco to pay his passage. On the expiration of his term and when he had grown to manhood he settled in the country, married him a wife of the land, where they multiplied and acquired wealth and standing. Tradition further says that his father was a lord in the old country and that many years after his father had died, emissaries hunted him out and endeavored to lure him back to take possession of the property and title he had heired but in the meantime his mother, broken hearted at his loss, had died and he in remembrance of the terrible ocean voyage of months duration, he had in coming over, decided to remain where he had found a home and a family and prosperity. Doubtless some lordlings are now enjoy-

ing the possessions and honors that may of right belong to us but I am sure that we are in the long run the gainers and that we would rather be the plain Mills' we are, than to stand in their shoes.

My researches into the family history did not begin soon enough or go deep enough to be able to trace the connection between this lordlet and ourselves but the story has been handed down and has been vouched for the last one hundred and fifty years and is undoubtedly true in the main. My father believed it and had the tradition from his forbears who doubtless had the authority for it, however it has no value except to show our heredity.

This is doubtless the reason why we are not all bloody Englishmen today, where we would of course all have been lords, dukes, earls, barons "et id omne genus." Our slender title to nobility, however, is still farther attenuated by the fact that we cannot even show lineal descent from this fraid-calf of a Briton, but the family belief and the fireside grandmother tales which have trickled down to us of the later generations, and the fact that our great grandparents were born in Virginia, lends color to the oft repeated story. They had father and a grandfather, and so on back, but the family tree was not closely cultivated and in the lapse of years and in its multiplicity of branches its importance had dwindled and identity well nigh lost. There was a time in this country when we had quite an argument with the mother country and in cultivating our patriotism and pride in the colonies and in our own government it was almost a reproach to be an Englishman. Our ancestors were too busy fighting Indians and later Great Britain to bother about pedigrees and to enter up the records closely. My father used to talk of

uncles and grandfathers and great grandfathers and grandmothers, near and remote, and tell stories of wonderful deeds of valor and adventure, but until since his death when I am asked by my children and grandchildren about the family history I am unable, greatly to my regret, to give any authentic account of our old forbears, as I do not remember distinctly dates and even names. If I had undertaken to write the family history thirty or forty years ago I am sure I could have given more reliable data, but now I can only set down what my memory tells me as correct and give the rest as hearsay.

Grandfather Mills was a man of quality in his section. He was the main man in his locality, the justice, an officer that was of more importance than he is now. He was also a sort of high sheriff. He was also major of battalion of militia; the first one organized in Ohio and he was the first officer commissioned in the militia. I have a newspaper of an early date that gives something of his history and of his times, with my other historical papers which will be used in the appendix of this sketch. He died in 1850 at the age of 80.

My grandmother, Mary Webb, who died in 1859, could show a long pedigree and had high family connections. Hon. Nelson Barrere, one of Ohio's most distinguished jurists and statesman of that time, was her own cousin. Mrs. Lucy Webb-Hayes, President Hayes' wife, was also a close relation and according to my cousin John Wilson's wife a few years ago when she was in Oregon on a visit claimed that she was a relative of ours by virtue of her near relationship to my mother's family as well as to my Grandmother Mills, who, though not a large woman, was a woman of strong character, tender, of wonderful energy and intellect. My older brother, Jacob, who visited

her when she was nearly ninety years old tells of going across the fields and meadows with her and two of his aunts to another aunt's and when they came to a fence she put her hand on the top rail and sprang over while he helped his aunts to climb over. She rode on horseback almost up to her death. I do not remember ever seeing her but I did see my grandfather when he was over seventy-five, when he was on a visit to us in Indiana.

My uncle, John, was the oldest son of the family and lived to be over ninety years old. He drove a horse and buggy alone from central Ohio to western Missouri and back alone when he was over eighty-seven years old. I have a number of letters written in his extreme old age to my father. He was a man of affairs and accumulated quite a fortune and was probably the wealthiest of the Mills family in several generations. He had a large family, some of his grandchildren are living in Ohio, Missouri, on the Pacific coast and elsewhere. I have the address of only a few of them or in fact of any of my relatives on either side.

My grandfather and Mary Webb were married when both were very young. They lived only a mile apart on the border between Maryland and Pennsylvania. He in one and she in the other. He had sons and daughters as follows: Thomas, John, Owen, who died early, and Dan, my father, Rachel, Hulda, Martha (Patsy), Letty, and Katherine. My father was the youngest son and my Aunt Katherine was the youngest daughter. I remember seeing her when she was about 19, when she was on a visit to us. She was a beautiful girl with a wealth of Titian hair. Our own Kittie was named for her and she has a daughter who inherits the name as both of them have the hair of

gold, to which they are doubly entitled as Kittie's mother had the finest head of hair any woman ever wore.

Aunt Katherine married a Dr. Robert Stevenson. Both are long since dead, but I think have children living. Aunt Lettie married a farmer, Henry Garlough, who had a large family, moved to Indiana and later to Iowa. Their location and identity are lost to me. Patsy married John Conwell, a fine country gentleman, who lived at or near Xenia, Ohio, had a large family of boys and girls, who were well respected and doubtless their descendants, most of them, are in the same locality. Aunt Huldah married Nail Baker. We always called him Nail. His name was probably Neil. He was a jolly, jovial fellow that every body liked, especially his relatives. Thoroughly reliable and a neighborhood favorite. The very salt of the earth. One of his sons was named Dan for my father. I think he is still living though I have not heard from him for several years. He has some children living in Ohio. There are some of the Baker family living in western Iowa. I made a short visit to Xenia once and met the Conwells and some of the Bakers. Mills Conwell, one of our cousins, used to come to Des Moines. Aunt Rachel married William Wilson. They had two daughters, Lydia, who married Henry Holly, and Hannah, who married Harmon Stultz, a business man of Crawfordsville, who afterward moved to Nebraska.

Of their sons, Miles and Lewis were farmers, and died long ago. George, a handsome fellow, was a merchant tailor, who moved to Rock Island, Ill., and prospered. Adam was a boisterous, hurrah, dare-devil of a fellow, who, though not mean, was considered the worst boy in school. The teacher, one Mr. Ens-

minger, had his eye on him all the while and whenever he caught him in any of his monkey shines, called him up and gave him a licking. He was a big fellow of about 200 pounds and six feet two inches tall and Ad was pretty big for a boy. The teacher had a roller about four inches through and two feet long. He would order Ad on the roller and thrash him until he got settled down on it. He had so much practice that he soon got so he could stand on it easily. When he was not noticing the teacher would slip upon him and kick the roller out from under him and then ply his gad until Ad was settled down on it again. He was the ringleader and got the school into all sorts of grief. One day, the whole school nearly, got to playing the old kissing game of "Old Sister Phoebe." Somehow the teacher learned of it and when school was called in the afternoon he announced that there would be no recitations that afternoon but that a little bit of discipline would occupy the time. Every scholar that played "Sister Phoebe" would receive five of his best licks of the birch. The girls and all, but if the boys wanted to relieve the girls they could do so by taking the licks in their place. The big boys were gallant and would not let the girls be punished. We little fellows only took our five lashes but Ad and the other big boys took the girls share. Ad and some of the others getting twenty-five or thirty lashes. As fast as we little ones got our quota we went into the other room where the girls dried our tears and washed our faces. There was no more kissing that term except on the sly. It was rumored that the boys took their pay for the lashes they bore from the girls in kisses.

My cousin, John Wilson, was an exceptionally fine young man. He was brought up in a dry goods store, was an excellent salesman. He moved to Oregon about

1848, established himself at Salem, the capital, where he now lives or did a very few years ago. He operated a large sheep ranch in western Oregon, acquired property and was a man of high standing. Long a member of the state legislature and held important positions.

Owen was a younger brother, a play mate of mine, but I never met him after he had grown up. He moved to Oregon and may be living still. The Wilsons were the only relatives on my father's side whom we lived near, except a short time. My father, however, had cousins who lived in the country near Crawfordville. Jeremiah West, a fine and very prosperous farmer, and his wife, Matilda, my father's own cousin, a splendid specimen of American womanhood. It was the delight of our lives to go to cousin Jerry West's and get the fine country dinners one could sit down to there. They had fruits in abundance and the youngsters were lovely. There were four boys and one girl. Léttie, as pretty as a picture and as bright and as chic as any town girl. The last time I saw her she was just sixteen. She was a great favorite of my mother and visited us often in town. Some years after she married the minister's son, John Lee, and had two fine girls who were beauties. They both married the two Thompson boys, who came up from the South after the war, Maurice and Will. Maurice became the noted author who wrote "Alice of Old Vincennes" and other books and was a favorite contributor to *The Century* and other magazines. His heroine in "Alice of Old Vincennes" was named after his wife. Will became a lawyer of note and also a poet of no mean pretensions. He moved to the Pacific coast where he acquired a large practice but a dark cloud came over their happy lives. One of his sons became engaged to a

young lady whose father was violently opposed to the match and in an altercation the young man shot the girl's father. The defense of his son was the last I have heard of the case or the family. The pretty Letitia was living at the time with her son-in-law and daughter in Washington and may still be living there. Maurice Thompson died several years ago. It was to him that the furor for archery was so generally introduced into the country a number of years ago in consequence of his magazine articles on the subject. At a contest in Chicago at which the Toxapholite Archery club of Des Moines contested, my cousin, Letitia, took part, and although then a middle-aged woman, she won the championship.

### **My Mother's Family.**

If my paternal ancestry is unable to show up the patent of nobility claimed for it in the family legends, it is well matched on the maternal side.

According to tradition, the original of the Westfall family in America is traced back to the line of the old Baron Robber, the Duke of Westphalia, who ruled his Dukedom with an iron hand and ground down his own family, as he did everyone else, lived off his subjects and the country, invaded his neighbors' territory, carried off their cattle and goods and their women.

He was so overbearing and so outrageous in his conduct and treatment of all that even his brothers finally conspired against him and undertook to dethrone him. He was too strong for them and they had to flee for their lives. The probabilities are that they would have been about as bad as he was, but to escape from his rule, three of his brothers came to America, settling one in the province of New York, one in the far south, and one, the founder of our branch of the family, in



JANET WESTFALL MILLS

Born August 13, 1799; died March 28, 1865.

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Virginia, where he acquired large possessions in Tygerts Valley, where they prospered, multiplied, scattered, built forts to protect themselves against the Indians, farmed, built towns and mills. I have heard the stories and the tradition current in the Westfall family, but regret that I have not the documentary evidence necessary to be able to vouch for them, so I simply submit what I can say as fact, and give the rest as hearsay. There is no question that some of our Westphalian ancestors were of the Swashbuckling variety and did much fighting and swaggering, but there were chivalric and gallant gentlemen and gentle ladies among them as well as some of the ne'er-do-well sort.—That they were patriotic and stood up to the support of the government and were helpers in the struggle for independence is well authenticated.

The Westfalls were the first settlers who came into Taggerts Valley in the region where is now the town of Beverly, which was infested by unfriendly Indians some time after there had been a massacre of a party who had passed through earlier. They discovered the skeletons of them as chronicled in Withers' History of Border Warfare. My grandfather and his brothers built two forts, one of which was where the town of Beverly now stands and both of which were under command of my grandfather, who was known as Capt. and Col. Westfall. He not only soldiered and fought the Indians on his own hook, but served in the state service, and was during the Revolution enlisted according to the report of the commission of pensions as a lieutenant. This certificate is as follows:

Pension Office, Washington, D. C.

Jacob Westfall was appointed lieutenant June 20, 1781, and served six months under Capt. Jackson in Col. Crockett's Reg., Va. Resided at Taggarts Valley,

Va., at time of enlistment, applied for pension, Sept. 18, 1833, residing at date of application in Putnam Co., Indiana. Born Oct. 10, 1755 in Hampshire Co., Va., (was only 21 at date of declaration of Independence.) His claim was duly allowed. He married Mary King in 1777, in Taggerts Valley, Va., Died March 5, 1835, and she was pensioned as his widow. He removed to Kentucky in 1792, thence to Miami Co., Ohio in 1808, thence to Putnam Co., Ind., in 1827. No other Jacob Westfall of record in the Pension Dept.

Signed,      V. P. Warner, Com.

There were other Westfalls, who were pensioned, Abram, Cornelius and John from same localities, and doubtless his brothers, but I have no certain record of it. In regard to state service, I have the following certificate.

Richmond, Va., Mch. 21, 1900.

I, W. W. Scott, State Librarian and as such, custodian of the Revolutionary archives of the Commonwealth, hereby certify that the name of Jacob Westfall appears on said archives as a soldier of infantry in the Virginia State Line and Continental establishment.

Given under my hand the day and year above written at Richmond, Va.,

W. W. Scott,

(Seal)

State Librarian.

Dear Sir:

I have pleasure in sending you the enclosed certificate. I find the name of Abel Westfall, Cornelius, also John, Abram and Jacob. Finding name of Jacob last and his being the name I am looking for I prosecuted my search no farther. The Westfalls appear to have been a valiant family. Jacob Westfall was paid through the hands of M. — Van Meter, June 2, 1784, quite a sum for balance of pay, under the statute to

equalize pay because of depreciated continental currency.

I find in Heming's Statutes, Vol. 13, page 170, that he was named as one of the trustees of the town of Beverly, statute passed, Dec. 16, 1790.

After the Revolutionary war all the old soldiers were brevetted of a title of some dignity, never below the grade of Captain. There is no record of these titles in the library, though this is a small matter.

Perhaps his service with Gen. Wayne was in the Western country when Washington was President.

Very Truly,

W. W. SCOTT.

I understand that a son of one of my cousins, claims to have evidence that grandfather was with George Rogers Clark at the investment and capture of Old Vincennes. I remember just a little about him as I was a small child at the time of his death, but I remember my grandmother very well as she lived at our house for some time, not long before, but died at the residence, I think, of Aunt Polly Tiberghin.

Grandfather and several others of the Westfalls were with George Rogers Clark, but no effort has yet been made to look up the extent of his service there. They spent two or three years in the neighborhood of Vincennes, Fort Massac, etc.

Grandfather's oldest son, Cornelius, was born in 1778 while the Revolutionary war was in progress, in a fort built to protect the inhabitants of Taggers Valley from the Indians. It stood where the town of Beverly now stands. He also served as sheriff until he left for Kentucky in 1792.

My Uncle Cornelius mentioned above, who was born in the stockades of the fort, says our branch of the family, after the Rebellion in the old country, when

they came away changed their names to Westfall, instead of Westphal. All the Westfalls in this country are from the same stock, while the later importations from Westphalia are still Westphals. He also says, that when they went to Taggarts, Valley, it being at the extreme verge of civilization at the time the settlers built a string of forts, about five miles apart, along the valley. In the spring and summer the whole population lived in them. The farms were worked by parties who were constantly guarded by other armed parties. Then they went from one farm to another, until all were cultivated. In winter they removed to their farms, the Indians not venturing to come across the mountains when snow was on the ground as the settlers could then track them back, and punish them for their depredations. Grandfather was captain of the fort where Beverly now stands and his name is held in veneration there to this day, as I am informed by the postmaster of the town, who referred me to Wither's History of Border Warfare. He was variously called Captain and Major and Colonel to the day of his death. His service was extensive and varied, but it was necessarily border warfare and not all under regular United States enlistment. His sons John, Reuben and Levi were in the war of 1812, and in Indian wars of Kentucky and Indiana. John, I think, my mother's youngest brother was at Hull's surrender but escaped and had quite an experience in getting away through the Indian country. He was pursued by a pack of Indians and got stuck in a swamp. A big Indian got too close to him, he made a desperate effort and got away, the Indian throwing his tomahawk and nearly striking his head.

Uncle John's boys mostly, died early. Uncle Reuben's son, Reuben, the only one I knew, developed a

taste for pioneering and lived a rough life. He lived awhile in Missouri and then moved to Iowa. He was without means but very industrious, struggled along, tried to educate his children—sent them to college awhile. They were a poor family in the center of a rich district and were rather put upon by some of the boys of the better families and in an altercation, the best one of the Reuben boys, either shot or cut a boy bully, and killed him. He was tried for his life and a desperate effort made to convict him, but he was declared innocent by the jury. The family thereafter went to the then territory of Washington, and have been lost sight of.

My maternal uncles were masterful men, like their ancestors, law abiders, but resentful and ready at the call for soldiers.

Uncle John and Uncle Reuben were soldiers in the war of 1812.

It was a great treat to the youngsters to hear them tell of their campaign and adventures. The family was also represented in the Mexican war and also in the Civil war, where my brother Webb was killed at the battle of Corinth, dying as colonel of the 2d Iowa Infantry. In the Spanish Cuban war, our individual branch supplied a bright and shining example in Roger, which he followed up by seven years' service in the various branches of the quartermaster department at San Francisco, Seattle, Port Townsend and Spokane.

We were also represented by our latest son-in-law, Lt. E. R. Tompkins, now awaiting his early promotion to a captaincy—who not only served in the Spanish war, but was twice in the Philippines. Later again in Cuba, now stationed at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia, but just called with his regiment, the 11th Cavalry, to defend our Mexican border.

As previously stated, my grandfather Westfall was married in Taggerts Valley, in 1777, to Mary King, and removed to Kentucky in 1792, there my mother, Janet, was born near Beardstown, in Boone Co., Ky., Aug. 13, 1779. She was the youngest of the family. She had brothers, Cornelius, John, Levi, Reuben and sisters, Anna Anderson, Elizabeth Swank, Polly (Mary) King, afterwards Tibberghin, all of whom had children in numbers that would have delighted President Roosevelt. Cornelius, the oldest brother, had sons, Beverly, who raised a family of thirteen, mostly boys, his family sat down every meal, fifteen at table. He was a successful physician, moved many years ago to Spokane Falls, and died there, a number of his children, I believe, are still there; one of them, a prominent lawyer. Dr. Kemper Westfall was another son, now living at Bushnell, Ill. He clerked a while in our store at Des Moines. He has been post master of that city and a member of the legislature before the time when it became disreputable to be an Illinois politician. He also served in the Civil war in an Illinois regiment.

The oldest daughter of Uncle Cornelius, Mary, whom I remember as one of the flowers of the Westfall tribe, married Dr. Armstrong, a physician of Central Illinois. She died a few years ago, leaving her daughter, Mattie, now a prominent teacher of Kirkwood, Ill., and one of the best beloved of all the relationship. Uncle Cornelius had two other daughters, whom we knew well, Louise and Melissa. The latter the widow of Joseph Otterman of Adel, Iowa, one of the stalwart and prosperous sons of that state. There were sons and daughters of all mother's brothers and sisters but most of them have not lived near enough for any intimacy and their address and present condition are unknown

to me. Uncle Reuben always was a pioneer and frontierman. He was a farmer, a hunter, and never acquired property. He raised a large family which is scattered about on the Pacific slope. Uncle Levi had sons and daughters but I have no recollection of but three, Amos, who was a fine large man, who had the marriage habit. I think he was married three or more times. This facility he probably acquired because he was minister part of the time. His brother Isaac was a Universalist preacher noted for his eloquence, was a bright and shining light in that denomination, especially in Minnesota and throughout the northwest.

I received a few days ago, a newspaper, with an account of the death of Lorenzo Westfall, whom I had not seen since I was a boy, nor heard of him for fifty years. In fact, I thought he had been dead that long. His name was Lorenzo Dow Westfall, the oldest son of my Uncle John Westfall, one of my mother's older brothers. He was born in Middletown, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1818, and died about Jan. 10 of this year, at Derby, Lucas County, Iowa, where he lived the last 25 years of his life. He married at the age of 18, Eleanor Crawford of Crawfordsville, Ind. They had twelve children, seven of whom are still living. Diana, Mrs. Penick, lives at Derby, Allison Dow of Redlands, Cal., Wesley Addison of Albany, Oregon, Julian Crawford, Avery, Iowa, Francis Asbury, Chanute, Kas., Mrs. Emma Tedric, Artesio, Cal., Mrs. Margaret Stodgehill, Portland, Oregon. Our venerable relation was 93 years old, married 75 years and had been a faithful Methodist 72 years, although his two cousins were noted Universalist preachers. He left a host of grandchildren, the record does not say how many, but as none of his descendants have come to a bad end, his prayer, which he wrote in his bible has been answered:

"Help us Lord to discharge our duty in bringing up these little ones in the way they should go." From the way they are scattered throughout the country, they certainly went.

Of my mother's sister Aunt Elizabeth Swanks's family I only remember Cornelius, who was a Methodist preacher, an educated man and preacher of considerable power, and his brother Joshua, who was a farmer and raised boys and girls. The only one I remember was Jacob, who enlisted in the civil war and served with credit to himself. I remember my Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle David Swank. He had a fine large farm, only a few miles from our place, and had a water mill where the early settlers got their grist ground. He had an orchard of the finest apples I ever found, some varieties of which were superior to any now raised anywhere. One variety in particular lingers in my memory and I recall its flavor, its juiciness and delightful fragrance every time I think of it.

The sons of my Aunt Anna Anderson, James and John, and Jerry, were better known to me than the rest of the family, as they came to Iowa at an early date, settling near Burlington and later moving to or near Ottumwa and Eddyville. They were farmers and prominent citizens in their section. John was at one time a member of the legislature. They visited us at Des Moines.

Jeremiah, the younger son, had a strenuous life and a tragic ending. He was with John Brown, from the beginning, in his Kansas troubles, and with him at Harper's Ferry, where he was killed. Historian Hinton in his volume "John Brown and His Men," published in Martyn's series of volumes on American Reformers, gives large space to facts and incidents in his life and death including many letters written by him

in regard to their connection in the Kansas troubles and warfare. Brown writes of him as a trusted friend and brother, and according to the book was the nearest to him in his wild undertaking to give freedom to the slaves.

Hinton says of him in the book, where there are many pages devoted to him and his letters, and he is mentioned in more than fifty places in the volume:

"Revolutionary blood was in the ascendancy in the John Brown party. Cook, Stevens, Jerry Anderson, the Coppoc Brothers, and Merriam, all could tell of progenitors serving in that and earlier fields of civil and religious freedom. Anderson slain by a United States soldier, after he had thrown down his rifle, was the great grandson of two soldiers of the American war for independence. They were both Virginians. On his mother's side, Col. Jacob Westfall of Taggarts Valley in the Old Dominion, was a partisan commander of considerable local reputation. Soon after the war ceased, he moved to Kentucky. He was a slaveholder as was his other grandfather, Captain Anderson. John, his son, abjured slavery and after his marriage moved first to the territory of Wisconsin and afterwards to the state of Indiana, settling at the town of Indiana, Putnam County, where his son Jeremiah was born, April 17, 1833. Jerry was therefore in his 27th year, when he was killed. He was fairly well educated, at Galesburgh, and at Kossuth, Iowa, entering the Academy there, where the Hon. Judge Jas. W. McDill was teacher. McDill was afterwards a member of Congress, a United States Senator, and a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He writes that Anderson was eccentric, quiet and studious."

Col. Westfall mentioned above, was my grandfather. My Aunt Polly Tiberghin was twice married, the

first time to —— King. They had three children, Washington, Jeremiah and Julia. Washington was a dignified, sober man of business. Jerry King was the jolliest fellow imaginable. He was the favorite of all the connection. I remember him well. He made a good citizen. Came to Iowa with father in '83. He visited us once at Des Moines. Died about fifteen years ago. Julia married a Mr. Church, a sporting character. Julia was a stylish, dashing woman, and as fond of playing cards for money as our ladies of the present day of playing Bridge or "500" for prizes. Aunt Polly took another husband after King's death and raised a number of children who also have children of their own in Indiana, California and on the Pacific coast. I cannot at present give their names or locations.

My sister Mary writes that our mother was born near Beardstown, Ky. The family moved to Ohio when she was 12 or 14 years old. Uncle Cornelius was there already. He lost his first wife and mother went to keep house for him though but a young girl. While there he was taken very ill, and on what was supposed to be his death-bed he made his will, leaving all his large property to mother, but he recovered, married again and raised a large family. Uncle Cornelius moved to Indiana at the same time our family went, when Mary was a year old. He settled at Lebanon, then platted the town of Thornton and married there and built up quite a little city. Grandfather Westfall died at 80. He used to talk a great deal about fighting Indians, hunting bear and other big game. Grandmother used to tell how strict her parents were and when our mother visited them she had to study the catechism. They were strict old Presbyterians. Sunday began on Saturday evening at six o'clock.

" 'Twas wicked then for hens to lay  
Their eggs and worse to hatch them  
And if the boys went out to play  
The bears were sure to catch them."

### **OUR IMMEDIATE FAMILY**

My father, Dan Mills, who, considering his limitations, I regard as the strongest man the family has produced, was born in Warren county, Ohio, April 3rd, 1801. He was married to my mother, Janet Westfall, daughter of Jacob Westfall, and his wife, Mary King, when he was twenty-one years of age. Their first born was my brother, Jacob, next a pair of twins who were named respectively for her grandmother, Mary Mills, and the other for my mother's sister, Elizabeth. Their lives were short and on the 5th of Oct., 1827, another daughter was born who was named Mary after my mother's mother so that I have two sisters Mary, one still living who will soon be eighty-five years old who retains her faculties to a remarkable degree, mentally as strong as ever and fairly strong physically. I want to place on record here a slight tribute to her worth. Her place in life has been a modest one, although liberally educated for a girl of her times, she married a young farmer and has lived a good part of her life since in the country. Her husband, Lt. Wm. G. Oungst, of the 10th Iowa Infantry, when mustered out of the army after long, arduous service, was practically an invalid. They were never situated so as to enjoy much of the luxuries of life, lived frugally but happy and contentedly until he died a few years ago. She has had four children, Annette, who died in infancy. Webb who has been a prominent editor and publisher in Harlan, Iowa, and at Pueblo and Cripple Creek, Col., at which place he

published a daily paper but was burned out and later was head of a large printing establishment at Ft. Smith, but is now in business in St. Louis and has patented some valuable improvements in printing machinery. He has a son, a printer, and a married daughter. Two daughters also came to my sister, but did not live long after their marriage, each leaving children who have been raised, educated and cared for by her. She is now living in her little home at Elkhart, Iowa, and still taking care of great grand-children. Her only regular income, her pension as a soldiers widow. I want to say that with all my experience of good women, and it seems to me that I never had any thing to do with any other kind, I have never found a truer or better one, nor one who was so uncomplaining when it seemed she had so much to contend with. My brother, Jacob, in his last illness said to me that in all his life he never heard Mary say a petulant or ill-natured word, she always accepted the situation and made the best of everything and this is my testimony in regard to her. No better woman ever lived. Her neighbors long ago found her out and their annual birthday visits when they come from near and far, bear witness to the estimation in which she is held.

My brother and sisters above mentioned were all born in Ohio. Soon after, I think, in about 1829 another child was born, a boy, who was named Croghan, in honor of a young officer who was in charge of a fort in the territory of Michigan, who, in defiance of an order from the commanding general Major Gen. Harrison, refused to surrender to the British and Indians, who were investing the fort, but made a stubborn defense and whipped the combined forces of the enemy and won the plaudits of the whole country and world at the time and received the thanks

of congress instead of being courtmartialed. The newcomer did not live to justify the name given. On the fourth day of April, two years later, your venerable dad of today was born. Father, who was something of a hero worshipper inscribed in the family Bible my name in honor of that noted partisan and guerilla fighter, General Francis Marion, the intrepid soldier who banqueted a high British officer who came to camp to treat with him, on potatoes baked in ashes, who returned to headquarters said it was no use to try to whip a people or army whose patriotism was of so high an order that their general officers lived on such fare. The Bible, however, bears the name as F. Marion Mills. This has been by common consent transmogrified into Frank Moody. School mates and brothers and sisters furnishing the pet name of Frank and I taking the liberty of trading off the Marion for the name of a good old bachelor doctor who was a kind and true friend to a young boy away from home and friends. One of the finest specimens of physical manhood, as he was one of the truest gentlemen I ever met. This was out of no disrespect to the great southern soldier or of his ardent admirer, my father.

When I was three years old I was sent to stay all night at the house of a neighbor and when I returned in the morning I found a youngster had come to put my "nose out of joint." My brother Webb, who registered in the family Bible simply as Webster. There were already two Websters of national fame, Daniel the great orator and statesman, and the idol of the Whig party, and Noah, the great lexicographer, the commander in chief of the American language, which a lot of iconoclasts are trying to simplify the spelling standard out of existence. Teddy and Ralph Gilder Watson, had better get at better business. My

brother also took the liberty of improving upon his name and made it Webb, in honor of his maternal grandmother and great grandmother. He usually pre-fixed the name of the lexicographer, modified to Noe.

Soon after Webb's birth, which was on the 21st of June, 1834, my father came west to Des Moines county, in the new territory of Iowa, where he took up a claim at a point where is now the town of Yellow Springs, a few miles from the present city of Burlington. It was in a beautiful little prairie which became known as Mills' Prairie and is so known today.

With him went several of my mother's relatives, Washington and Jerry King, and the Andersons. My father put in a crop and went back to Indiana in the fall to prepare to move his family to the new home. He found my mother ill and likely to remain an invalid for some time, so as she was not able to go he sold his claim and the next year, my mother still being in poor health, sold his farm on Raccoon creek near the town of Ladoga, Montgomery county, and moved to the county seat, Crawfordsville, the seat of Wabash College. He there leased a hotel which had in connection a grocery store with a bar attached. A week's experience with the bar satisfied him that it was a wicked thing to sell whiskey to men whose families needed the money they were spending for drinks and he poured out the spirits and shut up the bar.

While at the tavern the first play I ever listened to was played in the parlors one night by a strolling company. I remember the play very well and have since discovered that the entertaining drama I honored with my first attendance was Haller's play of "The Stranger."

Another entertainment that came along and put up at the tavern was that of a little woman without any

arms, who could do all sorts of different things with her dainty little toes. Sew embroidery, thread minute beads or needles, write, draw, shuffle and deal cards, play musical instruments, etc. To show her small size she and I were made to stand up side by side. As I was only five year old and not large at that we were rather a Lilliputian pair.

While keeping this hotel a circus and menagerie came along and some of the performers stopped with us and I had an opportunity to attend my first circus. A neighbor boy and myself fed some dried herring to the elephant, who was chained in the barn-yard. He didn't like it and we avoided elephants after that for years thinking the same elephant might return to resent our gratuitious insult.

The hotel episode did not bring good fortune to its proprietor. My older brother, Jacob, was kicked by a horse in the barn and his leg badly broken. While being nursed for this the entire family except my mother was attacked by both the whooping cough and the measles. My father, my brother, Jacob, my sister, Mary, my baby brother, Webb, and myself. It was a sure enough hospital and I didn't see how my poor mother herself an invalid, with scant help took care of her housefull of double sick and crippled people, and run the hotel, but she did, though disaster followed. The hard times of 1837 were on. Nearly everybody failed. The owner of the hotel, my father, the principal merchants, etc. The constable was abroad in the land. I remember the hotel furniture went under the hammer. The family cow was sacrificed. Grandfather's clock that reared its stately head in the hall was bid in by some one who had no regard for our asthetic tastes, and this valued relic now

doubtless graces somebody's ancestral hall as a family relic.

We departed to modest quarters and I don't remember that we had any great plethora of delicacies on our table for some years. Almost every one who had gone broke took the benefit of the national bankrupt law, but father refused to do so, and declared he would pay out if it took a life time which it pretty near did but ultimately he paid every dollar of his indebtedness with interest and I myself had the pleasure when I was a boy under 17 years of age clerking in a store to settle the last dollar he owed to a merchant who was a good, true friend and willingly carried him. This I did against the protest of the merchant and entirely without my father's knowledge or consent until after I had the pleasure of handing him a receipt for the amount, over a hundred and fifty dollars. I don't think I ever had as much pride or satisfaction out of any single act of my life. After the failure we were poor indeed. We moved into a log cabin and lived as economically as possible, but living was cheap. I remember that I went to the grocery many times with a quarter and came back loaded with eatables. A dozen eggs for three cents, a pound of butter for six cents, a dressed chicken for a fipenny bit (six and a quarter cents), sugar and other articles, all for a quarter, so we didn't starve, besides mother could get up the best meal out of nothing you ever ate. No cook that ever existed could excel her in either plain or fancy dishes. The corn pone she baked in the big oven with a flanged lid to hold the coals on top, with coals underneath, beat even the old southern mammy whose greatest pride it is. This eaten hot, with fresh butter and sweet milk is the ne-plus-ultra of good living. Yum! Yum!

Meat sometimes might be scarce when father would say in imitation of our neighbor in country Jack May: "Now boys the one who eats the most potatoes can have the most meat." Jack's boys would so fill up on potatoes they had no room for meat.

If we didn't have an abundance of money we always had plenty of good friends and our old neighbors from the country kept track of us and there were not many days in the year in which one or more of them, who came to town to do their trading, did not set down with us to our noonday meal. They remembered mother's good cooking.

While we were living in the log cabin, soon after we left the hotel, another daughter came, who was born in the town cabin as I was in the country cabin, as well as all the uncles and aunts you have on your father's side and also some on mother's, as they were all pioneers. She was named Penelope after a neighbor's daughter, a young lady from Washington City, a niece of President John Tyler. She was a sweet little girl and made us happy for but two short years, when she faded out of life, as I remember her, a lovely and beautiful child.

Father was not only a lawyer himself but decided that one of us boys must be a lawyer and selected me for the victim. I had to spend my spare time at his office when school was not in session and no potatoes to be hoed or wood to be chopped, in reading Blackstone, studying the constitution of the United States, or memorizing the Declaration of Independence. I think he overdid it for I never developed any appetite for the law, although I did gravitate in later days into the law publishing business. I think my early drill in his office did assist me very materially in the business. He never ceased to regret that

my tastes didn't lead me his way and always insisted I could have made a good laweyr.

Father's sense of justice and right was very strong and very early was pronounced in his prejudice against slavery, in fact he became known and talked of as an abolitionist, and was suspected—not without reason—of assisting some saddle covered brethren on their way to freedom. He voted the Whig ticket always, except instead of voting for Gen. Zachary Taylor he voted for John P. Hale for president. In 1840 he was an ardent supporter of old Tippecanoe and was a very strong protectionist. I remember at a big demonstration he fitted out a rider on a gaunt mule in rags, etc., labeled "free trade," which attracted much attention. He was not only a good conversationalist but was a good speaker, argumentative and in debate or in a corner store argument he could not be floored on any subject he essayed, whether politics, religion, temperance or modern or ancient history. He had a large head with massive forehead and it was stored with facts and figures. He had a good memory and a good voice and I have heard him recite or sing Burns and other poetry by the hour and he had a large repertoire of the finest hymns and tunes.

A circumstance, or a series of circumstances, made him a temperance agitator and speaker. He and my mother were members before they came to Crawfordsville of the Baptist church, of what was known as the missionary variety, but in town the only Baptist church was known as the Hardshell. Father couldn't keep out of church and joined, but my mother did not. He was made clerk of the church and general executive of its business matters. When the Washington temperance movement came about father advised a brother-in-law of the church who drank very hard at

times to join the Washingtonians. The man said: "I will if you will." So in order to help him he signed the pledge with him. The church resented this. Said that it was good enough temperance society for any church member and demanded that he should withdraw from the Washingtonians. This he declined to do, so they put him under dealings, laboring with him constantly to get him to recant. Every church meeting for a year, the case came up, the highest dignitaries of the church were brought there. One Elder Newport, from a distance, discussed the case and the wickedness of going against one of "God's good creatures" given for the comfort of mankind, even carrying his bottle into the pulpit and drinking from it during his sermon. Father argued his case at these monthly meetings and a great interest in the matter was taken all over the state. There were quite a number in the church who sided with him but the majority were against him. One large-bodied, large-voiced and big-minded fellow, who was himself a saloonkeeper, got up in meeting and said: "You are dealing with Brother Mills because he won't drink whiskey and with Brother Powers who drinks too much. Now I want to know brethren just how much whiskey I must drink to be a good Baptist." Brother Powers was a merchant who kept soaked full all the while and he was only dealt with to make their case a little better against father. Finally when they found that father would not recant, but would likely withdraw from the church anyway, they expelled him. Brother Powers remained in good standing. Father became a prominent son of temperance and held many meetings and made many temperance speeches.

In the meantime a missionary Baptist church had been established in the place which my mother had

joined and on getting his conge from the Hardshell he also joined the new church.

To show that there is always a Nemesis to even up things, my father was notified by the road supervisor to work out his road tax. So he set my brother to work with a plow under the direction of the official, making a little ditch to drain the water toward the creek. This little ditch led to the bank of the creek, which was a hundred feet or more above the water. The water gradually washed away the earth until the last time I saw that ditch it was about 300 yards wide and a hundred feet deep and nearly half a mile long. The hardshell Baptist church which was a brick structure had been engulfed and carried away. How is it? "The seed of the children had bruised the serpent's head." Just before this temperance episode father had bestirred himself and collected money and bought the preacher a new horse, new saddle and bridle with which to go about. There were saddle bags too and I doubt not they always carried a bottle of the "good creature."

The new church was a struggling one and father was soon called upon to manage its finances. I found it rather strenuous being a Baptist, besides having to go to church twice on Sunday and to Sunday school, with a round of Bible reading for us children Sunday afternoon, it devolved upon me to cut the church-wood in winter time and each Saturday I had to go and cut and carry in wood for all the Sunday and any week day services there might be. When being chided by the brethren for not being a Baptist as my father before me, I told them I had a surplus of it in my early life.

### **Reminiscences of My Early Life**

My father was born in Ohio and my mother in Kentucky, but fate brought them together in Ohio. Mother's first recollection of father was seeing him sitting on the top of a fence singing at the top of his voice. He was an urchin then of some fourteen or fifteen summers. They were married when father was but scarce twenty-one. They commenced keeping house on a small farm given them by his father. In a few years they sold it and moved through the timber wilds of Indiana, camping in the wilderness at night where the howls of the panthers and other varmints could be heard through long hours while only the fires they kept up, kept them at bay. Their destination was Montgomery County, where father made a claim on Raccoon creek, near where the little town of Ladoga was shortly started, some 25 miles east of the Wabash river. I was somewhat surprised the other day by reading that an Interurban railway was being built between Ladoga and Jimtown, some 25 miles apart. Jimtown was but a stage station, tavern, a blacksmith shop and a saloon comprised the city, which was only approached in the old days by miles of corduroy road on either side. Three miles an hour over this road was going some in those days.

Arriving at the new home, the few settlers in that section gathered together and in a day helped to put them up a log cabin. For winter service the cracks were chinked with pieces of timber and daubed with mud to keep the cold out. A turkey pen was built near the house into which the wild turkeys were decoyed which kept the family in meat, supplemented by venison whenever father took his gun and went for deer. Other game was plenty. The principal business was at first to make a clearing in order to get

ground for cultivation. Huge Walnut trees were felled and piled up by the neighbors, who were called in and a log rolling was had. The men brought their wives and they helped cook while the men rolled the logs and fired them and at dinner and in the evening a high old time was had. On father's place enough walnut and other fine trees were felled and burned to make the whole family independently rich if kept until today. There were no plastered walls, no wall decorations except strings of dried pumpkins or apples from Uncle Dave's orchard and coon-skins on the door and on the logs on the outside of the cabin.

Things prospered somewhat. Father sold this first home in Indiana and built one nearby, somewhat larger and better, and in this fine cabin home I was soon introduced. There was an immense big fireplace in which was weekly placed a huge backlog, near two feet through. There were no matches then and if the fire went out somebody had to go a half mile to get a shovel full of live coals to start the fire again. In this house there were glass windows instead of the oiled paper in the first one. There was a spring house where the water was cold as ice and as clear as crystal, where was kept the milk and butter, fresh and sweet. With plenty of wild game, with the products of the farm and the dairy there were no starvation periods. Corn bread and fritters from new corn, grated, potatoes and other products of the field and garden, with maple sugar and syrup, sassafras and spice wood for tea, with young hyson or bohea when the preacher or company came, left nothing to be desired so far as table comforts were concerned, and we were well clad for mother not only had a big wheel to spin the yarn for stockings and to make into jeans for the men folks, and wolsey linsey for the women folks, a small wheel

to spin flax for linen shirts and chemises and for summer clothes for us children, with a loom to weave into the various fabrics, there was little to be desired. If anything from the store was to be had that could not be had in exchange for the products of the farm, father could get twenty-five cents per hundred for mauling rails and he could maul and split a whole hundred in a day. So a little cash could be seen occasionally and the newcomers generally brought in a little cash. Within the circle of a few miles there were some of the relatives, the Westfalls, the Andersons, the Swanks and an uncle of father's, Uncle Lewis Mills and then there were the Stovers, the Britts, the Harney's and a few others, some farther away and in Crawfordsville, fifteen miles, lived Uncle Billy Wilson, Aunt Rachel's husband. Of course, as time passed, the country settled up, people came in from a distance, with money and society got on a better basis and the community got better fixed.

The first four years of my life, which I spent as a farmer were perhaps as strenuous as any in my existence. I do not remember that I did much plowing or mowing, but I am sure I kept busy and kept others busy also. My brother Jacob said I was the worst young one to cry he ever saw and that he thought I cried about all the time, but I am sure he was mistaken as my mother was not able to wear her dress buttoned in the back until I was well on to three years old. Things did not always go my way or I would not have cried so much. I got back at Jacob by telling him that I did all my baby business up when I was a baby, but that he was not over it yet, as he was rather pessimistically inclined in his older days after much sickness in his family. In his boyhood, when I was a baby, he was between Scylla and Charybdis. He

either had to tend baby, that was me, or work in the field. He would go to the field with father to hoe, when he got tired, father would tell him he could go to the house and take care of the baby. When he had me a while he wished he was in the field. The discipline between the two made a very industrious man of him. I rather pride myself on having had a marked influence on his career. Some boys need an incentive. He tells of how he disposed of me once when I was older. A neighbor boy of his own age, came by for him one day to go fishing. The other boy had a small brother, who was playing with me who had a lame arm. We were both determined to go with them, but the big boy said No! He'd fix him. So he tied a branch from a tree to the little boy's well arm. Brother protested, but the other boy laughed and said they'll go back to your house crying and your mother will untie him. Jacob was all right to me. He did a great deal for me if he did growl about it, once in a while, and I remember many flying rides behind him on the old gray, and the bird traps and the pin hooks he made for me to fish with and his taking me to swim and teaching me how, etc. I remember many things that occurred while we were living in the country; my burning my hand badly and thrusting it into the bucket of water when only three years old, getting into a yellow jacket's nest, getting treed on a big down log by wild hogs, where I and my sister had to stay until a lot of men came with clubs to drive them away, and going to a Dunkard meeting and seeing them baptize people in the creek by having them kneel in the water and having their heads thrust under three times.

When I was three years and two months old, I was accorded the unusual privilege of going to a neigh-

bor's to stay all night. This was the home of my first sweetheart, little Virginia Utterback. I thought it very nice to be put beside her in her little bed, to sleep, but her mother made me sleep with my clothes on. I have held this against her ever since. I presume I had acquired a reputation for gallantry even at that early age. I found on my return the next day an interloper, a big, red faced baby who they said was my brother Webb, who had come to stay.

Soon after this we moved to Crawfordsville, which was when I was about four years old. I have given an account of our hotel life in another place. From the log cabin we moved from one place to another, into better quarters the most important of which was what was known as the Dunn place, a large rambling house with a story and a half ell, situated in a lot of about three acres. It was across the street from the Academy and cornered with the Elston place, a large fine home and grounds and one of the finest gardens I ever saw with a forty acre grove and meadow lot. There were two boys and several girls, one of whom afterward married Gen. Lew Wallace, and was an authoress of note, as was her noted husband. Beyond us on the other side was the Whitlock place of many acres and a wonderful ravine with a spring brook and on the hill a fine mansion and as fine a peach and apple orchard as there was in Indiana. At these two places we were frequent and welcome visitors and the grounds and the Whitlock Hollow occupied much of my spare time from school and from the potato patch. Old Major Whitlock would stand no depredations on his orchard and the hoodlums were much afraid of the old musket loaded with salt or beans, but to anyone who would go to him he would give freely. We were favorites and were welcomed not only in the house

but he never failed to load us down with choice fruit.

My school days began when I was about five. My first teacher was an old widow lady, Mrs. Marks, who taught in her log cabin home. And though having seen better days was as strict a disciplinarian as a boarding school matron and ruled us as with a rod of iron, though she never punished corporeally. She never relaxed nor unbent from her statuesque dignity. She had a scapegrace son, but a lovely daughter who grew up to be something of a belle, and married a well-to-do druggist who died in a few years leaving her a large property but much in debt. He was at the time also county clerk at his home in Monmouth, Ill., and she inherited the office as well as the property and his debts, but she pulled through and came out with considerable property. She was literary and wrote stories for years for the New York Ledger and other papers. She was a great friend of Sister Mary and visited us and her, once at Des Moines. She announced herself as a "financial success."

My next teacher was old Mr. Gilliland who gave me my first whipping. It was for the wicked crime of picking up my spelling book which I had dropped, with my feet. Afterward I passed through the strenuous disciplinary school of Mr. Bill Ensminger, which I have mentioned on another page. I took prizes here in spelling and in geography, besides getting a few lickings. Not severe however, but he made it up on my big cousin.

At the Academy there was no whipping, but Belle-letters were cultivated and Mrs. Maddox and later Prof. Cressy and afterward Rev. Mr. Pratt introduced us into the higher branches which by the way was so far above comprehension of we younger scholars

that we didn't come through knowing much more than the titles of our text books.

Next was the county Seminary where we were further initiated in birch lore, where I got so good a sample of it that the seat in school somehow seemed to worry me and I thought best to stay on my feet the most of the time and so played hookey, with my mother's knowledge and consent, but without my father's, though he learned of it and I got one from him so that I could see which I liked best.

At this school we had a stage where we had amateur theatricals once a month. We essayed Shakespeare and other classical dramatics. I remember playing Pistol to Teddy Brown's Falstaff and another time I spouted "Me Name is Norval" etc., and once in Pizarro in my enthusiasm got my part mixed up and when asked: "How now Gomez, Whence comest thou?" I answered: "On yonder hill among the Peruvians I surprised an old palm tree." Escape by flight he could not (how could he) and I seized him unresisting," and when told to "Drag him before us" I couldn't do it but did bring down the house. At another time we played "Richard the Third" and the hogs bladder filled with blood was duly reached by the combatants' sword and the victim was nearly smothered with the gore. The town people and the admiring parents of the young Thespians were always out in force.

From here I was graduated informally into Wabash College where I read Caesar and Sallust in Latin and Xenophon in Greek having previously read Virgil before I was twelve at the seminary as well as having a smattering of Algebra. In my class were several men twice my age, several of whom afterward arrived at distinction at the bar, on the bench, in the

army and in politics. After a year in college, my brother, Jacob, who after learning the printing business, went to Greensburgh, Ind., to work in a printing office, bought the office and edited and published it in connection with Orville Thompson, another young man, the Greensburgh Repository, sent for me to come to him. So I went and deviled for them a year and then went back to college for another year, then back to the office again.

I liked the printing business, all but rolling at the press. The smell of the ink and the motion of working the roller in distributing the ink made me sick. I believe my brother thought at the time it was only an excuse. He worked the press while I rolled. On the day we printed the second side of the paper, as soon as enough was printed to supply the town subscribers, I was relieved to carry them and this was a happy day for me always. On the first of January I had a new years address, which was written for me by Maj. Munroe Talbott, a retired army officer, which hit off about everybody in town and it was printed in the best style of Art Preservative of those times and I sold enough of them to clear \$14.00, with which I beguiled the town tailor to make me a brown cloth dress coat. The sleeves stood up on the shoulders about two inches as was the style then and gave me a very formidable appearance. This was my first tailor made coat.

After a few months more in the printing office a merchant of the town concluded he would like to avail himself of my valuable service and I went to work for him for the large consideration of fifty dollars and board myself for the first year. My brother was so convinced that this would be to my worldly advantage that he generously offered to board me for nothing

and urged me strongly to accept which I did, on trial, as it was my hope to be able to go to college until I could graduate and then become an editor. This move led me into becoming a business man and I never again was an active printer, except one summer vacation and afterward in our own office to help out or to "keep my hand in." I was in this store for a year when there was a change in the ownership and I returned to Crawfordsville and entered Mr. W. H. Boynton's dry goods store.

My life at Greensburgh was pleasant. There was a lot of pretty girls there and some fine boys, one of whom, my principal chum, I believe is still living there. We had good times and I recall the delectable raccoon and possum hunts after the hounds, the visits to the sugar camps, etc.

I clerked in Mr. Boynton's store for four years except that for one year of that time I was loaned to a relative of my employer at Terre Haute, Ind., where I established for him a fine dry goods department. Though a very large dealer, his stock had been mostly of staples. This resulted in building him up the largest and finest trade of the section. Although I was there but a year I made a large circle of friends who gave me a fine time and some of them are my warm friends today. Returning to Crawfordsville to my old place I remained with him until he died a year or two later and having contracted a throat trouble which was too stubborn for my local physician he sent me to New Orleans to keep me from dying on his hands. This was in the fall of 1852. The presidential election took place while we were on the Mississippi river. We voted on the boat for Gen. Scott, but of course, it didn't count.

On the voyage down the river was a large troupe

of actors from St. Louis on their way to an engagement at New Orleans. Those two greatest comedians ever on the American stage, Ben DeBar and Mark Smith were with the troupe and it was worth something to me to see and hear these two great actors for a whole week. I heard them play many times that winter. On the way down at Louisville I had the pleasure of hearing Eliza Logan, one of the finest actresses of the early days and far ahead of any of the later stars. I had only previously heard the play at the tavern when I was five years old and Yankee Robinson's rendition of Uncle Tom's Cabin, the book itself having only been published a short time before. At New Orleans I heard all the stars of that time. Julia Dean Hayne, Madame Picolomini in opera and many others who were famous. I head Adalina Patti when she was but nine years old and billed as "the infant prodigy." Her accompaniments were played by brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosh, and sandwiched in between by Ole Bull, the great violinist.

I spent nearly a year in New Orleans and the south. Was a steamboat clerk, assistant purser on Steamship Louisiana for about a month, acted as levee clerk in discharging freight from steamboats, acted as deputy city clerk at city election, clerked in a wholesale produce commission house on Tchoupitoulas street, marked and shipped its goods on ships carrying nearly every flag in the world, at a time when New Orleans was the greatest shipping port in the world. Saw much of the people of the south and of the institution of slavery including slave sales, and had much interesting experience which space will not premit me to detail.

While in the commission house I was offered, though but a mere boy the first clerkship of the Winfield Scott,

a large Cincinnati boat, which I accepted and embarked for the up country, the boat loaded to the guards. When we arrived at Cincinnati we were informed the boat had been sold but a situation had been secured for me in the wholesale cloth house of Henry Marks & Co., which I accepted. The manager of the sales department was a junior partner, William Crawford, who some thirty years afterward I learned was the uncle of my present wife. I remained in the house for several months, but being attacked by typhoid fever, on the advice of my physician, I took the train and went to my parents home at Oxford, Indiana. I convalesced slowly, and while I was getting ready to go back to my Cincinnati situation the proprietor of the principal store in the town offered me a third of the profits of the business for my services, and so I remained with him. A year later he sold out to his brother and myself and took our notes for \$20,000, giving us liberal time. I then went to Cincinnati and bought \$6,000 worth of goods on six months time, thus making our indebtedness \$26,000, a pretty nervy undertaking for two youngsters without capital, but fortune favored us. The Indiana free bank currency, founded principally on the bonds of Southern states, began to depreciate in value. The farmers were loaded up with it, and they fell over each other in trying to get to us first. They paid off their notes and accounts of which we held nearly \$10,000. Their families came in and bought goods right and left, handed us their wad, asked us to give them credit and they would trade it out. The money was depreciated from 5 to 25 per cent. There was no bank in the place, but we sent a team every other day to Lafayette with produce, etc., we had taken in and brought back a load of goods. The

money we took in was assorted and sold to the bankers and brokers. We cleared from five to ten per cent on the money, sold out most of our goods, collected all our debts and paid all we owed. Then I offered to sell my interest to my partner as I had gotten the Iowa fever. He agreed to sell if I would take my interest in goods which I did. I started out with an auctioneer and team with a load of goods for the towns on the Kankakee river in Illinois. Had good sales, sold most of my stock, then in the spring auctioned off the rest of it, and started for Iowa. In the meantime I had married me a wife, Anna America Ross, whom I met for the first time when I went to Cincinnati to buy goods. She was the chum of my partner's sister who lived with her mother in Cincinnati. I thought when I saw her first she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen, and I have had no reason to change my opinion. The next season she came with her friend to spend the summer vacation with my partners family and the business was done. We were married Dec. 26, 1854, and soon began housekeeping in a pretty little cottage which I bought while in process of erection and finished up. It was 16x26, main room was 16 feet square and the other 10x16 which I cut in two and made two of 8x10. The big room was parlor, sitting room, dining room, library and kitchen, one of the small rooms was a bed room and the other the pantry. The house had a little portico, French windows and was as white as paint could make it. Here a year later our first child was born, Frank Leonard, a fine boy who died six years later in Des Moines of diphteria. In March my wife and baby went to make a goodbye visit to her parents in Cincinnati. I followed soon and on the 1st of April we took the Eclipse, the finest packet ever on the river, changed at Louisville

to a Mississippi river boat for Keokuk, where we arrived on my birthday, April 4th, 1856. We at once took a stage coach for Des Moines. The frost was just coming out of the ground and it took six days and nights to reach Des Moines. We arrived at Apple Grove where Uncle Tom Mitchell kept his stage station at 2 a. m. on the 10th, the moon had just gone down and it was so dark that the coach laid by until daylight. The coaches came in there from the Davenport and Burlington routes. There were ten coaches and all loaded down. There were twenty including the children in and on our coach. John Dougherty, his wife and two children came with us from Cincinnati.

We arrived at Des Moines about noon, the river was up and the float bridge was not in place, so we stopped at a little hotel on the east side, the Capital House, where we remained for some time. I had been out early in January to look the town over, stopping at Oskaloosa, where I had several old Indiana friends, I was besieged by them to stop there instead. They told me Des Moines was a dirty sickly mudhole. I promised them if I was not pleased at the fort I would come back, but when I got to Des Moines I cried "Eureka."

## BEGINNING LIFE IN DES MOINES.

The commissioners to locate the site of the new capitol for Iowa had just made their selection and all was bustle and confusion. The little city of 2,000 people was full of strangers and there was much building going on, the noise of the saw and the hammer could be heard early and late. As fast as a house was under roof, from one to a half dozen families, according to the size of it, moved in—one family to a room—which was considered liberal quarters.

The little cottages and shacks and store buildings were going up as if by magic. While I was there The Citizen, the forerunner of the Register, was started. I subscribed and read the paper from that time on until the last few years, since I have not been definately located.

It was my intention to embark in the shoe business but no store room could be had. So I joined hands and capital with John Daugherty and we made brick that season on a yard south of the present Mercy Hospital. There was a double log cabin on the premises and we all snuggled in together until better quarters could be had. The brick business was fairly prosperous. We had for competitors Conrad Youngman and S. A. Robertson, the first season for each of us in the business in Des Moines. Our firm made the brick for the Sherman block on Court avenue, for the Jones House on the East Side, for the 5th Street Methodist church, for A. Newton's house and incidentally part of

the brick for the old Savery House, for the Jim Campbell block at the point, for the Exchange block and for numerous chimneys and foundations. In the fall I had a chance to rent a store room on Court avenue near Second street and went back to Cincinnati and bought a stock of boots and shoe, hats and caps.

Here is a copy of my first advertisement, which I published in the shape of a poster. It was headed with a cut of an elephant standing on his hind feet pulling shoes and hats and caps out of an immense boot with his trunk and scattering them abroad.

### **BOOTS AND SHOES—HATS AND CAPS.**

“Boots are the burden of my song,  
Shoes the subject of my story;  
Caps I sing, that were never wrong—  
Hats are my crowning glory!

Boots that are fine and neat, to Boot;  
Hats to preserve your nice complexion;  
Caps that will not fail to suit—  
Shoes that are perfection!

Boots of cow-skin, kip and calf,  
Hats just right for autumn weather;  
Caps of which I’ve not told half—  
Shoes of finest leather!

Boots entirely free from drawbacks;  
Hats which never were surpassed;  
Caps which simply cap the climax—  
Shoes of every size and cast!

Boots! I can’t enumerate them;  
Hats, I have of every kind;  
Caps in plenty—come and get them—  
Shoes forever, without end!

When I started there was only one other shoe store in the city. Stacy Johns & Co. across the corner. The next spring there were seven. Jim Kemp run one of them next door to me. In the meantime in order to retain my room I found I had to buy the building which was on a leased lot. To raise the money I borrowed \$1,200 on four months time of J. N. Dewey at 40 per cent per annum interest. To justify this purchase a socratic shoemaker-cobbler came long and I had put him to work. He professed to have capital and suggested that I take him into partnership and that we put in a stock of leather and shoe findings and do a jobbing trade. This looked feasible, and we were to go east shortly and select the stock. He was to put up the money to pay for the building and help buy the goods. The day arrived on which he was to put up the money, but the night before, he departed to parts unknown and although 55 years have passed he has never been heard of. He came near putting me in a hole but he was not a cent the gainer. He had once said I "had the most confiding eyes he had ever seen in a person" and I think he was testing out his theory. Considering that seven was rather an overdose of the shoe industry in Des Moines, and having a chance to sell, I disposed of my stock and building.

The fall after my arrival here, my brother Webb having just married and my father who had been out the year before and had entered some land in Green county and bought some lots in Des Moines, moved from Warren county, Indiana, to Des Moines. Webb had studied law while running as an Adams express messenger, carrying his text books with him in the car, and had later been admitted to the bar. As there were a good many young lawyers, and no job printing office here, it was concluded that for the present we

would start a small printery. So he put in his \$200. I put up a like sum and our brother J. W. put in the same, and a little office was established in the Gatling building near the foot of Second street. This was started about the same time as my shoe store and business came to it from the start. Our first employee was W. W. Maynard, who a few months after went to Council Bluffs and established the Nonpariel, which became a prominent and successful journal and still is.

Our next assistant in the printing office was Tacitus Hussey, who remained with us for several years, when he, with Jas. S. Carter and E. N. Curl also engaged with our concern, started a similar business, which also proved a successful venture.

After selling my shoe store I put all my capital into the printing business and we enlarged it, adding a bindery. The business was moved to Court avenue, first over the shoe store and later to the second and third stories over Allen's bank, where the Register and Leader is housed at present. Before coming to Des Moines I had bought 80 acres about four miles east of the city for \$400. Now worth nearly that much per acre. This land I sold for \$800 soon after coming to Des Moines and bought with the money a business lot on Court avenue, next to the Dr. Baker drug store. On this lot in 1859 I built a three story and basement brick building, into which we moved the printing office, using the basement for press and storage room, the main floor for book and stationery store with counting room in the rear. The composing room occupied the second story and the bindery the third.

At the first session of the legislature held in Des Moines I was elected state binder, running against my

old Indiana friend and chum of Davenport, in whose establishment the state work had been done for some time. To this office I was elected four terms by the legislature. The first time I was nominated for state binder at the same caucus in which Gov. Grimes was nominated for U. S. senator; the second time I was elected over Hon. Hiram Price, ex-Congressman; on my third term I was elected without opposition, and for the fourth term over Jas. S. Carter, who went out of our concern to run against me. At the end of my fourth term I was elected state printer to succeed Frank Palmer. At this election Ed Sanders of the Davenport Gazette, John Mahin of the Muscatine Journal, J. B. Howell of the Keokuk Gate City, Clark Dunham of Burlington Hawkeye, and Jacob Rich of the Dubuque Times were candidates against me.

On establishing our bindery we entered the county supply field, bought a regular commercial peddling wagon and started out agents with a stock of stationery to sell to county officers and to job to country dealers. Later we sent out agents to travel with buggies and by stage coach and extended our business into other states and territories west of us and also into North Missouri and Southern Minnesota. We exploited the county supply business thoroughly. Personally I ransacked the statutes of the states and worked out forms for books and blanks for all kinds of legal procedure and for all the departments of county business, and I think it not out of the way to say that the county and official business of Iowa and some of the states west is today done principally upon the forms either prepared or adapted by me, for I secured forms from all the older states and worked them over to conform to our laws. Our legal and official blanks alone numbered over a thousand different forms.

We had just fairly gotten into the swing of our business when the war cloud appeared on the horizon. In 1860 the Lincoln campaign was carried on with a whoop in Iowa. Business was good with us. Wide-awake clubs were established all over the state. Webb was chosen captain of the club at Des Moines. We made a specialty of printing muslin flags, and had a large sale for them all over central Iowa. The Wide-awake clubs used them in their drill—every member carrying one. We also printed a little military Code of Tactics for the use of the clubs, which had a large sale.

After the campaign a military company was formed in which, however, there was no political spirit. M. M. Crocker, a democrat and an old West Pointer, was made captain. N. L. Dykeman also a democrat, who had been an officer in a military company in Chicago, was first lieutenant and Webb was second lieutenant. As soon as Sumpter was fired upon in the spring of 1861, this company, calling itself the Capital Guards, offered its services, probably the first company to do so—but there was no telegraph in Des Moines, and by the time the mail reached the governor, the 1st regiment of Iowa volunteers under the 3 months call had been accepted—but the company was accepted for the 2nd regiment, the first one that volunteered under the three-year call. Then Webb and I had a little contest as to which of us should go. I insisted that I was the older, I should be the one to go. Webb claimed that as he was an officer in the military company and had been captain of the Wide-awakes in the Lincoln campaign, it was not only his duty but his right—that he would be ashamed not to go, that as I was looking after the business end of our concern, it was my duty to stay at home and keep the business to-

gether, as we owed much money and had considerable coming to us, and should care for both our little families, each of us having two young children with additional early expectations in mine. So Webb went, and with him went practically our entire working force. Soon, however, we secured sufficient help to keep things going, but for near three years the public interest was all in the war and for a year or two general business languished. More troops were constantly called for and everybody wanted to be soldiers, and the temptation to go came strongly to me again.

To show that if I did not go into the service I did do something to help I here insert a sketch which I prepared by request to go into a forthcoming report of the Adjutant General of Iowa in regard to

#### **THE RECRUITING AND ORGANIZATION OF THE TENTH IOWA INFANTRY.**

In July, 1861, the War Department authorized J. C. Bennett of Polk City, to raise a regiment of volunteers for service in the War of the Rebellion. Two other regiments were authorized about the same time. Bennett, who had been connected with the militia service of Illinois during the Mormon war at Nauvoo, and was generally known as General Bennett, announced that he would raise and take into the service a regiment of infantry to be known as the Central Iowa Regiment of Infantry, and appointed Geo. C. Tichenor adjutant. Considerable effort was made to interest the people of central Iowa in the formation of the regiment, but both Gen. Bennett and Mr. Tichenor had been known as strong partisan democrats and violently opposed to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1861, and the patriotic people did not at once flock to their standard. Tichenor went to Ken-

tucky and did not return for some time, and the loyal Iowans became disturbed and felt somewhat humiliated with the probability that the regiment could not be raised. Tichenor afterward entered the service and did very efficient staff duty under Gen. Dodge, and has since won great distinction in government bureau service.

One Sunday morning early in August, I was waited upon by a committee consisting of H. M. Hoxie, U. S. Marshal for Iowa; Dr. Brownell, Provost Marshall, and Judge John Mitchell, who stated that at a meeting of citizens it had been decided the regiment must be raised to save the credit of Des Moines and central Iowa, and that I had been selected as the person who should undertake to raise the men to fill up the regiment, and brought me the following commission:

“Headquarters, Central Iowa Regiment,

“Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 5th, 1861.

“F. M. Mills is hereby appointed adjutant of the Central Iowa Regiment, vice George C. Tichenor, whose place is vacated on account of his absence; and the said F. M. Mills will be respected and obeyed as such adjutant; and he is to obey all orders from the commandant of the said regiment, and take rank from this date. Any order incompatible with this is revoked.

“Given under my hand this 5th day of August, 1861.

“J. C. BENNETT, Col.,

“Central Iowa Regiment.”

“Oath of office administered by me to the said F. M. Mills, as adjutant, the day and year above written.

“J. C. BENNETT, Col.

After Company D of the Second Regiment had been raised at Des Moines and had gone to the field, our

place seemed to be the headquarters for all army news, and people all over Iowa were in communication with me, clamorous for war news, and I had already sent many recruits to the Second Iowa and other regiments, and from my large acquaintance it was presumed that I could raise the men if I would undertake it.

Inasmuch as the business of our concern was extensive and the absence of my brother, N. W. Mills, in the army threw the burden of the business upon my shoulders, and the fact that we not only were largely in debt and had considerable money owing to us, and that I was left in charge of my brother's family and his little ones as well as my own, it was not asked that I go to the field but that I do my best to put others there.

I therefore proceeded with all the energy I possessed to make the endeavor, and after several weeks of ardent effort and much anxiety, and constant traveling about in the counties about Des Moines, managed to enlist sufficient to form a complete regiment —in fact, more than enough, some entire companies and several parts of companies being transferred to other regiments. In the meantime the regiment was turned over to the state authorities and was officered by Gov. Kirkwood and numbered the Tenth Regiment of Iowa Infantry.

Gov. Kirkwood appointed General Pertzel of Davenport, a distinguished Hungarian ex-officer as Colonel, and made Gen. Bennet, Major. The Lieutenant Coloneley was held in abeyance, and officers of the regiment presented a petition to the Governor to appoint my brother, then Captain in the Second Iowa Regiment, as Lieutenant Colonel. This was partially a courtesy to me on account of my service in raising

the regiment. The Governor, however, had promised Mr. Small of Iowa City, who had been a graduate of a military school and who was serving at the rendezvous as a drill officer, to make him Adjutant General, but the friends of N. B. Baker, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, and a prominent member of the Iowa legislature, a democrat of great influence and an ardent supporter of the war, urged him for the Adjutant Generalecy, and he was appointed. This left Mr. Small on the Governor's hands, and he appointed him Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth, stating to the committee that he wanted Captain Mills to remain in the Second, and he would get his promotion there. My brother was not a candidate for the place and did not know of the movement. He preferred to remain with his regiment, and afterward held commissions from Gov. Kirkwood, successively as Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel, though his Coloneley commission did not reach him before his death at the battle of Corinth.

The companies I recruited for the regiment were:

- Co. A, Capt. N. McCalla, Polk City.
- Co. B, Capt. Fergueson, Knoxville.
- Co. C, Capt. R. M. Guinn, Boonsboro.
- Co. D, Capt. M. C. Randleman, Carlysle.
- Co. E, Capt. W. R. Berry, Boonsboro.
- Co. F, Capt. Jackson Orr, Jefferson.
- Co. G, Albert Head, Brooklyn.
- Co. H, Capt. P. P. Henderson, Indianola.
- Co. I, Capt. Garrett, Newton.
- Co. K, Capt. Robt. Lusby, Des Moines.

Besides the companies named there were squads which came in from Madison, Dallas, Story and other counties near and far and were either attached to the above companies or transferred to other regiments. In

addition I forwarded many additional recruits to the regiment in the field.

Capt. Fergueson's company was transferred to the rendezvous at Davenport, and Capt. Albert Head's company from Poweshiek county was brought into the Tenth regiment. There were other minor changes, but the regiment was finally completely filled practically as above, and went into the service and served through the war with distinguished honor, as shown by the reports of the War Department and by the records in the Adjutant General's office of Iowa. It was with the greatest regret that I was not able to go into the service with this fine regiment. Indeed, at the last moment I went to our bookkeeper, Robt. Lusby, and told him I was going and asked him to agree to remain in charge of the business while I went, but he said he would not, that he meant to go himself, and he did—raising a full company which enlisted with him. It had been his intention he said, to go as soon as he could arrange some important business he had in hand. His family in Maryland were all either in the rebel army or were sympathizers, but he was an ardent patriot. He was made Adjutant of the regiment, then Major, and near the close of the war was made chief of staff with Gen. Crocker, commanding in New Mexico, and died while with him at Santa Fe. He was severely wounded in one of the battles in which the Tenth was engaged. Many of the officers of this regiment rose to distinction. Capt. Garrett became Colonel, Capt. Henderson, Lieutenant Colonel and was for a long time in command of the regiment; Capt. McCalla, Major; Capt. Orr became Colonel, and at the close of the war was elected to Congress from his district.

During the war I was commissioned to take the

soldiers' vote of the Tenth on two consecutive annual elections.

I received hundreds of letters from people from all over the state anxious to secure places in the regiment, which shows how patriotic Iowa was at the time. I not only traveled all over central Iowa holding meetings and swearing in companies and squads, but I arranged for their being brought to Des Moines and substituted there, arranged for their transportation by stage coach and otherwise to the rendezvous at Iowa City. I had a large correspondence with the executive and adjutant general's office. I received the personal thanks of Governor Kirkwood, and the following letter from the Adjutant General:

"STATE OF IOWA.

"Adjutant General's Office.

"Davenport, Aug. 29, 1861.

"Adjt. F. M. Mills,

"Des Moines.

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 27th is at hand. I perceive with a great deal of gratification that you have been very successful in the completion of those companies.

"The musicians you speak of we do not require as we have all we want of them right here.

"Truly yours,

"N. B. BAKER,

"Adjt. Gen."

The band, however, was afterward accepted, and served with the regiment.

I also received a very complimentary letter from the adjutant general some time after the regiment had gone to the seat of war, in which he said that "the Tenth Iowa Regiment had been raised with less trouble and expense to the Department than any other regiment from Iowa."

I consider it an honor and a great privilege to have been permitted and enabled to contribute my time and service to the country in raising the gallant Tenth Regiment of Iowa Volunteers.

Respectfully,  
F. M. MILLS.

Sioux Falls, S. D., May 25th, 1911.

Later there were calls for more volunteers and the novelty having largely worn off it became necessary to make a draft upon the country for soldiers and Des Moines was called upon for a certain number. The Second ward decided that it would not submit to a draft but would raise a fund to buy substitutes and I was delegated to undertake to do it. The money was raised easily and we had quite a sum left over which I had the pleasure of turning over to the local sanitary commission. There was no draft in Des Moines. Down in Indiana where my older brother Jacob lived they submitted to the draft and J. W. was drafted. He had offered his service in the early part of the war but had been rejected as physically unfit for service. He refused to plead his physical inability when drafted and wrote to me to get him a substitute, which I did, paying \$1,000 for one whom I sent to him at Indianapolis in charge of one of our traveling men. Notwithstanding this, when John Morgan made his raid into Ohio J. W. volunteered and acted as aide to Gen. Morris in his chase after Morgan.

In the battle of Donelson, Webb at the head of his company helped to win in the charge which gained for his regiment the privilege of entering the enemy's works at the head of the victorious column and secured from conservative Gen. Halleck the title of "The Second Iowa, the Bravest of the Brave."

At the battle of Shiloh the regiment was in the

thickest of the fight, doing splendid service both days and on the second day Webb was the one soldier who by timely information sent to the commander of the brigade saved his and other regiments from being captured as was the 8th, 12th and 14th Iowa regiments, and was subjected to an enfilading fire from the rebels who were closing in upon them from both sides. He said this was the only time during the war that he was conscious of being aimed at,—the zip from the cross-fire was a little exasperating to say the least. As it was the sleeve of his coat was shot away and he had a wound in his face from a piece of shell that struck him at another time in the engagement. General Tuttle said that if the commander of the division had acted on Webb's information a little sooner the whole brigade would have been saved. This episode was in what was called "The Hornets Nest."

The next morning after the battle of Shiloh the word came to Des Moines. The legislature was in session the last day of the term but it hurried up and adjourned with a whoop. A large steamer was lying at the wharf, the river being very high. Mayor Cleveland of Des Moines and myself took passage to go to the Tennessee river, along with Governor Kirkwood. At Cairo boat loads of wounded soldiers arrived just as we got there. Governor Kirkwood decided not to go on himself but to remain to look after the Iowa wounded and sick, but as orders had come that no civilians should be allowed to go up the Tennessee, the governor wrote us out a commission to interview Gen. Halleck in regard to an exchange of prisoners as three Iowa regiments had been captured in the Hornets Nest engagement. This commission served to secure us passage and admission to Gen.

Halleck's headquarters, but when he read our papers he simply said: "There will be no exchange of prisoners," and bowed us out. However we made a thorough round of the battle field. There were many dead soldiers of both armies still on the field and the signs and marks of the deadly conflict everywhere in evidence.

In the two days' battle at Corinth in October, 1862, his regiment was actively engaged and won great credit. His father-in-law, Gen. Hackelman, who was in command of the brigade, was killed the first day, as was Col. Baker. Webb handled his regiment in such a manner as to gain him earnest commendations from the commander of the division who ordered him to the hospital when he was severely wounded in the last charge upon the rebels at the very close of the battle. He said to him, "Colonel your conduct has been admirable." He had taken the colors from the color sergeant and was riding forward leading the charge when a bullet aimed by a rebel struck him in the foot, passing from his big toe clear through his foot lengthwise, lodging against his heel an inch and a half deep.

I, with Col. Stewart Goodrell of Des Moines, was on my way to Corinth to take the Iowa soldier vote. We were stopped at Jackson, Tenn., where General Grant's headquarters were, while the fight was going on. We could hear the cannonading distinctly. We tried to get a hand car to go on to the scene of the battle but were not permitted as they said the woods were full of rebels and we would be picked up before we got two miles away.

We arrived at Corinth on the first train that got there after the battle, reaching there about one o'clock at night. We went up to headquarters just as Gen.

Rosecrans strode up. He asked what we were doing there. We told him we came to take the soldier vote. He said curtly "There will be no voting here." There was however.

I asked him where we could find the Second Iowa, and asked about my brother. He told me my brother was wounded and was in the hospital and sent an orderly to show me where the Second was. As the hospital was a mile or two away and it was very late and very dark I bivouacked with the soldiers and as soon as it was daylight Capt. Ensign convoyed me to the hospital where I found Webb fairly comfortable but liable to be unfit for duty for some time. So application was made for a furlough which was granted and arrangements made to take him home. In the meantime I had ordered a casket in which to send the remains of Gen. Hackleman to his home in Indiana. When it came I went out to Camp Montgomery where he was buried, with a squad of soldiers and an ambulance to transfer his body to the casket and brought it into Corinth to the station for shipment. When I returned to the hospital in the evening the weather had turned cool and Webb was not feeling so well. The next morning he was ill and on summoning the surgeon he pronounced that lockjaw had set in. From that time until his death the next evening his sufferings were intense but his courage remained to the last.

I took him to Des Moines and the citizens paid tribute to him in a notable funeral. Hon. John A. Kasson delivered a fine and eloquent address and the whole city was in mourning.

No finer or more noble character nor purer patriot, no truer gentleman nor loving friend ever lived. We had never been separated from the day he was born

except temporarily until he went into the army. We were more than brothers, we were chums and friends. He was but twenty-eight when he died and just at the threshold of a brilliant career. He was a fine writer and speaker, of fine stature and physical proportions and had he lived would have made his mark in civil as well as in military life. Only a week before the battle the general in charge of the division on being transferred to the army in the east invited him to accompany him as his chief of staff, but he declined to leave his regiment and brigade of which his father-in-law had just been placed in command. Several other officers who succeeded him in the regiment became brigadier and major generals and it is certain that if he had lived he would have attained high rank. His wife and two children have ever been our cherished friends and neighbors.

On March 28th in the following year our mother was taken ill with pneumonia and died after a few days illness and was buried in Woodlawn cemetery. Webb's death broke her spirit and she was unable to overcome her illness. A noble, loving mother, who lived in and for her children and family. A woman of deeply poetic and fine-grained nature who never forgot to be a lady ready to make any sacrifice for her family or friends.

My father, after many years practice in Crawfordsville had decided to try farming again and opened up a large farm in Benton county, Indiana for Prof. Wm. Twining of Wabash college, and also opened a law office at Oxford, the county seat. Soon after he was solicited to take the office of judge for that district and was elected almost unanimously. This led to his giving up the farm after a while and later he removed to Williamsport, Warren county, being nearer

the center of his circuit, where Webb joined him and was admitted to the bar, acting as deputy clerk of the court until the end of father's term. He declined a re-election, when they both decided to remove to Iowa, whither sister Mary and myself had already gone.

After a short residence in Des Moines father decided that there were already too many lawyers in the little city and removed to Jefferson and hung out his shingle and opened up a farm near there on land he had entered some time before. A couple of years after he was elected a member of the first state board of education, representing his judicial district. This board was a legislative body and had supreme control of the educational matters of the state. The governor and lieutenant governor were ex-officio members of the board, the lieutenant governor presiding. It was a notable body of very strong men and the present educational system of the state is largely the result of their labors. The law was changed, however, after some four years, and the board abolished.

After my mother's death father went to Washington City, where he held an important position in the war department until near the close of the war.. While there he married Miss Anna Boyd and not long after returned to Jefferson, where he remained until his death in 1887, nearly 87 years of age. He was one of the noblest works of God, an honest man—an honest lawyer.

After the first two or three years of the war business began to revive and more help was needed to man the business. My sister-in-law proposed to sell me her interest and terms satisfactory to her were made and I had the satisfaction of being able to secure for her some twenty thousand dollars which was several

times more than the whole concern would have brought before the war.

Soon after James M. Ross, your mother's brother, bought an interest in the concern and came out from Cincinnati where he had been principal of the Fifth Ward school, the crack school of the city for several years—having been first made principal when he was but little more than seventeen years old. He took charge of the sales in the book and music departments and was an efficient and valuable member of the firm and remained with it until the final dissolution of the firm of Mills & Co., about the year 1890. In the division of the effects he desired the lithographic department and it was awarded to him which he handled for some time and finally sold it. He contracted a stubborn illness from which he never recovered and died about 1892 greatly lamented by all who knew him. He was one of the most genial and even tempered persons I ever met.

Mrs. Anna Ross Clarke of the Weekly Register Farmer lives in Des Moines. Prof. Fred Mills Ross, a fine musician is head of a musical conservatory in Guthrie, Oklahoma. Mrs. Ross lives in Brooklyn, New York, as does her daughter, Eva, while her sons, Harry, an architect, and Marion and Wesley are steel construction engineers, Marion having a fine business of his own and Wesley head of the drafting department of a heavy firm with a large corps of draftsmen under him. Mae is married and is living I believe in Chicago.

About 1863 I made a contract with Thos. F. Withrow, reporter of the Supreme Court, to print his reports and went east to contract for paper; called upon Cyrus W. Field in New York, then in the paper business, told him who I was and that I wanted to buy

a lot of paper on six months time and to make a contract for several years supply. He looked me square in the face and said, "All right young man, I'll trust you. Make your order for whatever you want." In the course of the next few years I bought many thousand dollars worth of him and received a great many letters signed with his graphic and characteristic autograph. In the meantime he had undertaken to build the Atlantic cable and after many difficulties succeeded. He was one of the men who did things.

Meanwhile our business had grown into extensive proportions covering not only Iowa, but the adjoining states and territories. Billy Quick, later the U. S. Express manager, said that we were the best customers of the U. S. Express Co. west of Chicago. We became ambitious to spread out and I negotiated with a large St. Louis concern to purchase it and Jacob and I met there to close the deal. The merchant thought we were so anxious that he undertook to raise the price on us. We looked him over and withdrew our proposition, then he came back to his original terms, but we told him he had sinned away his days of grace. Then Jacob suggested that I go back to Des Moines and try to buy the Register and he would join me in the purchase.

On approaching Mr. Palmer, the owner, I found that he had the congressional bee in his bonnet to succeed General Dodge, who intended to retire at the close of his term, and was very ready to sell on very reasonable terms, only stipulating that he should remain political editor for one year. This was agreed to and the deal was made. We took possession on Dec. 1st, 1866. At the same time we bought the Iowa Homestead from him which he was publishing in the name of Mark Miller, paying him \$2,000 for it but

sold it two years later to General Duane Willson, with whom we had some years before published the Iowa Farmer. The Homestead had several successive owners nearly always in a diminishing ratio until its present owner, Mr. Pierce, in collaboration with Henry Wallace made a great success of it and it is now known as the most valuable agricultural newspaper property in the United States.

I also contracted with Mr. Palmer to do the printing for the state for his unexpired term and at the next session of the legislature I was elected State Printer to succeed him. Mr. Palmer was a radical of radicals and had therefore acquired quite a reputation for his paper but he was a very slow writer, in fact, as a rule his editorials were but an introduction to some other writer's articles or clipping. He was a good printer and this led later to his being appointed Government Printer, which he held under two or three administrations.

J. M. Dixon had been city editor but had been laid off on account of his eyes. He was also correspondent of the Chicago Tribune but for two years or more his work was done by Ret Clarkson who generously turned the pay all over to Dixon, who never was able thereafter to do any work on the paper, although he was a beneficiary of the office and of Clarkson to the day of his death. He had been quite a favorite with the readers of the Register on account of his unique and swashbuckling style. His successor Mr. Cary, a dapper little ex-school master, though a very pretty writer was not at all sprightly, and didn't take with Dixon's admirers. On taking possession of the paper I discovered James S. Clarkson setting type in the composing room. I had known of his father as editor of the Brookville American. He and my

brother Jacob were running papers in adjacent towns in Indiana and Jacob had every week sent to us children at home the American and the Youth's Companion, so the Clarkson name was a household word in the Mills home. I sent Ret one night to report a public meeting of some kind and I made up my mind that there was enough of the Clarkson editorial blood in him to make an editor of, so I concocted the scheme of writing the state up by counties, and sent Mr. Cary out on the mission and installed Ret in his place, and fortunately at just the right time, for the youngster without saying anything about it, was just on the point of starting to Denver or California to try his fortune in the far west.

The boy made good from the start. His style was new and attractive. He got to the core of everybody's heart at once. He made friends of everybody he met and he never lost one in his life. Once a friend always a friend, and he could never do enough for one. He was always too, for the under dog in the fight. His reputation as a writer was early made.

At the expiration of Palmer's year we looked about for some editorial sage to take his place, utilizing in the meantime some of the local politicians, General Baker, T. F. Withrow, Louis Ruttikay, Seward Smith, J. W. and myself, stealing some time from our other work to help out and occasionally allowing Ret to try his hand on a political article, and we soon found he was as well up in politics as he was in local affairs. He was just soaked with it. It was in the Clarkson blood from the time when his father and Milton Stapp and Tom Goodwin were the regency in Indiana and decided who should hold the offices and dictated the policy of the party in the old Hoosier state, as Ret

afterwards that of Iowa, unconsciously, perhaps, but he did it. So Ret became the political editor of the Register and as long as he remained in the state there was no one to dispute his premiership.

We engaged Frank Hatton to take Ret's place as city editor but his father bought him off by offering him an interest in the Mt. Pleasant Journal. Later he bought into the Burlington Hawkeye, from which he was taken to be made first assistant postmaster general and later made head of the department by President Arthur. Then we engaged Al Swalm, who was hailed as a second Dixon. He also made good. We started a weekly paper, the Grand Junction Headlight, the first Headlight in the United States, but in a year or two there were Headlights in every state where there was a railway Junction. Presently we bought the Jefferson Bee and sent Al there and sent Steve Maynard to Grand Junction in his place. Then we sold the papers to the boys on their own terms. Both succeeded. Maynard owned his paper until recently, while Swalm sold the Bee at a good profit and bought the Fort Dodge Messenger, made money with it, but sold and bought the Oskaloosa Herald, ran it successfully, made it a paper of state reputation, made money and sold it well. He was sent to Montevideo as United States consul, later transferred to Southampton, England, where he has been for a long time, where he has attained standing and influence and by judicious investment of his earnings and the proceeds of his newspapers, has amassed a fortune largely held in farming lands in this country.

To take Swalm's place as city editor we took Lafe Young from the press room and installed him as the lineal successor of Dixon, Clarkson and Swalm. Lafe had been an apprentice in our establishment and

grown up in it; had become a proficient printer. I had told him once that the boy who worked longest and best at the rudiments of a business was the one who was sure to get to the top. I had noticed that he was bent on acquiring information. He was always hanging about the bookshelves when not at work, and we thought there was good editorial timber in him, and he proved we were right. His work was of a different character from that of his predecessors. His bent was more for politics and the serious side of life, rather than the lighter vein of city gossip and city affairs. J. W. once said to him, "Lafe, limber up. You have dignity enough for a supreme judge." Lafe has since limbered up. He saved his wages and at an opportune time went to Atlantic and made a newspaper of his own, which won him further fame and more money and introduced him into political life as a senator from his county for several years, after which he came to Des Moines, bought the Des Moines Capital, which up to that time had no reputation and but a handful of subscribers, and has made it the most successful and widely read paper in the state. He has also made his fame and name as an editor and orator and politician as wide as the boundaries of our nation. There is no stopping place for him. Lafe has the same fine characteristics as Clarkson. He never deserts his friends.

Soon after we bought the Register J. W. gave up his railway position and came to Des Moines and took charge of the work department of the concern, with the Weekly Register under his especial charge and editorship. He had large early experience as a practical printer and as editor of a country weekly, but for over twenty years had been engaged in railroading, beginning as a member of the engineering corps, then right of way agent, the first conductor,

then trainmaster, assistant superintendent and superintendent, then contractor in charge of a new line and superintendent of the road at the terminal in Cincinnati and assistant to the president of the Indianapolis & Cincinnati railroad, now a part of the Big Four system.

Coming to Des Moines just at the time when local railway interests were attracting much attention, his knowledge and experience and a good part of his time were utilized in the organization and building of the roads to Indianola and Winterset, and the narrow gauge railways to Ames, to Adel, etc. The city is much more indebted to him for its prominence as a railway center than it knows or gives him credit for.

In order to secure Mr. Clarkson as an asset of the Register we offered to sell him a third interest in the paper at a small price. He went to Grundy county to see his father and get his assistance. His father said: "No! but you go back and offer them a proportionate price for the paper." This was an alternative we had not thought of and one it was hard to accept, but J. W. was quite under the weather at the time and insisted that as we had so much other business on our hands all the time we should accept the offer and we did so. We have always regretted that we did not offer to let Ret have the interest payable on his own terms at his own price and I think it would have been acceptable to him but he made a great paper of the Register and has had a great career since, not only as manager of national republican campaigns, but as a public official and man of affairs. To our mind he is the greatest editorial writer America has produced and it is a misfortune to the country and we think to him that his abilities were diverted to other lines.

Before 1868 our business had so increased that more room was necessary and I bought the old Presbyterian church on Fourth street, next to the Savery, now the Kirkwood House, and built thereon a modern four story and basement building, forty-four foot front, the building now occupied and known as the Munger European hotel. We moved into this building in the fall of 1868 using the basement as a press and stock room, main floor was store and second story business office and editorial rooms for the paper, third story composing room and fourth story as bindery. While in this building our business was at its greatest height. We had added a stereotype foundry, a lithographic and engraving department, map engraving, printing, coloring and mounting department. We were publishing the Daily and Weekly Register, the Iowa Homestead, the Western Jurist, the Iowa School Journal, two country weekly newspapers, an Annotated series of Iowa Supreme Court Reports besides the regular series of Reports, also the Federal Supreme Court Reporter with a list of near a hundred volumes of general and local law books, including the Code of Iowa, in addition to our large business in job and book printing and our county supply business, besides the state printing of which latter however we were relieved after 1872, until re-elected some six years later.

We employed about two hundred hands with a payroll of sometimes over \$2,000 per week. Our business covered six or eight states and several territories, extending into and beyond the Rocky mountains with Utah a large customer.

When we bought the Register in 1866 it was but a small single sheet four pages of five columns each, with no telegraph dispatches. There is more editorial and reading matter and more news in one issue of

the Register and Leader or the Capital now than there was in a whole months papers. Look at the old files and see if this is not true. We changed all that, not immediately, but as rapidly as possible. We increased the size four times while we owned it and made a blanket sheet of the Weekly at once. We started the movement for the Northwestern Associated Press and were one of the charter members; took full associated press reports, secured agents and correspondents all over the state and the Register was soon recognized as the republican organ of Iowa and has been so recognized ever since, as long as the Clarksons were connected with it.

Our scheme of writing up the state by counties was a great circulation maker. During the rush to Kansas and Nebraska in 1868-9 we decided to try to turn the current of immigration to Iowa instead, so sent Judge Fulton to the northwestern part of the state to write up the new counties and to the Sioux City land office to make a map showing every vacant quarter section of land in the district. This we published in a pamphlet entitled "Free Homes in Iowa," as well as in the Register, and distributed them broadcast. The result was that the whole of that section of the state was soon dotted over with tents and shacks of all kinds with people living even in their wagons and the whole region was settled up almost as quickly as was Oklahoma in the great rush when that territory was opened to settlement. The Register was hailed as the promoter of the northwest. However, when the grasshoppers came in force two or three seasons later the settlers denounced us for having decoyed them into that God-forsaken region. Albeit enough of the settlers remained to assure

the success and now there is no better settled or farmed section of Iowa.

In the winter of 1868-9 I was a candidate for re-election to the state printership, but was defeated by a combination of circumstances. In the first place, I had never been beaten and I thought I was sure of it so made no great effort. Judge Wright wanted to be United States senator. An appropriation was asked for by Des Moines for a new state capitol as there was a strong fight on for its removal. Judge Wright and myself agreed that we would not fight each other. The Hawkeye had a candidate against me. The East side people were against me for having just induced the Rock Island railroad to locate their main depot on the West side by raising \$3,500 to buy their present site for them. Allison's friends, seeing the hopelessness of his canvass called me in to their caucus and told me that if the Register did not come out for Allison that I would be defeated and said they would guarantee my election if the paper would come out square for Allison, that Wright's friends were trading me off to the Hawkeye candidate, and the capitol appropriation committee was trading me for votes for the appropriation. I presume I lost my chance of being next to Mr. Allison in his long senatorial career and I thoroughly understood the situation, but I told them that not for an election would I go back on my word that I and the paper would be for the nominee of the caucus but would not undertake to influence its action in the senatorial fight. I had many good friends in that caucus but some of them were so interested in Mr. Allison's success that they said if we didn't come out for Allison they would see that I was beaten. I was and so was Mr. Allison. Four years after Mr. Allison was elected over James Harlan and

for this he was indebted more to James S. Clarkson and the Register than perhaps to all other causes. Mr. Clarkson was an original Allison man, but his father was for Mr. Harlan. I do not suppose Ret and his father ever disagreed on any question before or since that time.

Mr. Edwards was elected over me by only two or three votes. He at once arranged with me to do the state printing for his term. Before another election we had sold the Register to the Clarksons and Richard Clarkson defeated him for re-election.

After Dick Clarkson had held the office three terms I came out as a candidate to succeed him although we were no longer running a republican paper and I defeated by a considerable majority, Mr. Junkin, one of the oldest and most popular republican editors in the state, although he was the candidate selected by the press to beat me, not that they were my enemies but they claimed the state printership belonged legitimately to the press and that it was entitled to the state patronage. I was afterward re-elected to a third term and after that I had the pleasure of throwing my strength to George D. Roberts, the present Director of the Mint, to succeed me, and after his third term I was a factor in the election of my friend George H. Ragsdale to succeed him. I took pride in my own re-election as I was the only person who was ever elected state printer in Iowa when he was not running a republican newspaper.

To claim to have been influential in politics, etc., argues an egotism that I wish to disclaim. It only shows the great extent of my acquaintance in Iowa in those days. During a large part of the time I lived in Des Moines, by reason of the character of our business I became acquainted with many people in every

county in the state. I knew the name and location of every town and post office in Iowa and the name of every prominent man in every town and enjoyed the personal acquaintance of most of them. Every county or state officer, every postmaster, every delegate to the state convention, every member of the legislature for nearly forty years was personally known to me. I actually believe I knew personally more people than any other man in the state and a large number of them were my personal friends. When a man came out for a state office he was generally anxious to enlist me in his behalf. When he came to a convention I was called upon to introduce him around. If a man in a distant county had an errand he wanted done at the capital or wanted something purchased to send him, I generally had a chance to favor him. It is not strange if some of them were not ready sometimes to oblige me. More than one state officer has acknowledged his indebtedness to me for his nomination or election and this includes a governor and a congressman or two.

In the early days hotel facilities were not so good as now and at state convention times the citizens had to open up their houses to the delegates. Many of them came in the night by stage or railway or by private conveyance, so on account of my general acquaintance I was always placed on the committee to find places for them as they came in. I knew also where everyone in the city lived and it was my mission to tramp over the city with those late comers and locate them in their sleeping places. Generally some twenty or more found themselves located at my house, some in beds and some on the floor and we generally had about all we could feed.

In my long life I had the opportunity to meet many

distinguished men. I not only enjoyed the personal acquaintance of all the prominent men in Iowa but numbered governors, senators, congressmen and diplomats amongst my correspondents. I sat all day in a seat in the cars along with old Tom Corwin, another with Governor Fenton of New York, another with Hon. Dick Thompson of Indiana, three of the best conversationalists the country ever produced, and with other distinguished people and my acquaintance with every member of our delegations in Washington was my introduction to most interesting interviews. At one time Iowa had a delegation in congress every man of whom had a national reputation.

I have met Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Joe Hooker and Halleck, Rosecrans and Teddy and Taft, and other military heroes and captains of industry. When I was a small kid I had the distinguished honor of shaking hands with Col. Dick Johnson, who "slew Tecumseh," and Lewis Cass, candidate for vice president. Abroad I had a smile from old Kaiser William and was glared at by Bismark; saw several sprigs of royalty and in Paris I saw Victor Hugo and Gambetta and other notables in the French assembly; have rubbed up against statesmen and politicians of greater or lesser degree and have found by actual contact that they are made of the same kind of clay as the rest of us and no more entitled to our respect than our next door good neighbor.

In 1877 Dan, who had acquired a great passion for exploration was entered as a travel student in a scheme that was gotten up for a two years voyage around the world, with a corps of teachers. At the very last the trip was abandoned on account of the lack of pupils. Dan was so much disappointed that I allowed him to accompany Major Studer to Switzer-

land on his way to Singapore where he was U. S. counsel. There was a French school for boys near Thun where Major Studers family was located and Dan was placed there for a year, and the next year was transferred to a German school at Zinzig on the Rhine. Two years later, Blanche went abroad with Col. and Mrs. Cooper and Miss Hattie Parker. In midsummer of his second year Dan took a tour through Italy, Switzerland and Germany in company with a lot of teachers from the United States under charge of Prof. Jordan, now president of Stanford University. Mrs. Wilson, his old teacher, was of the party and it devolved upon Dan to help her in climbing up the mountain sides in Switzerland. On his return from this trip he joined Blanche at Leipzig, where he attended lectures in the University while Blanche studied music at the Conservatory and both studied German and French and mathematics with Madame Neuhaus. Dan also took up art, spending some months at Dresden and later both of them going to Paris, Dan entering Julians Academy of Art and Blanche continuing her music.

On April 20th Roger Clarkson Mills was born. On December 26th, of the same year we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary. Several hundred of our friends honored the occasion with their presence. Doctor Frisbie read a beautiful and appropriate poem he wrote for the occasion and many beautiful souvenirs were left with us.

A year later, on December 30, 1880, at the urgent solicitation of Blanche and Dan and of their mother who on account of little Roger could not go herself, but whose mother's heart was yearning for her children, insisted that I should take a much needed vacation, my only one really in forty years. I started on

a trip abroad and sailed from New York on the White Star Line steamer Brittannic in company with Mr. G. A. Mallory whose family was in Germany. From Liverpool I went direct to Paris from whence, after a few weeks stay, we made a pretty general trip over the continent much of the time in company with Mr. and Mrs Mallory, their daughter Jessie and niece, Miss Smith. Col. Cooper's son, George, was also with us for a good part of the time. Of course we had a pleasant and interesting journey and visited most of the important show places on the continent.

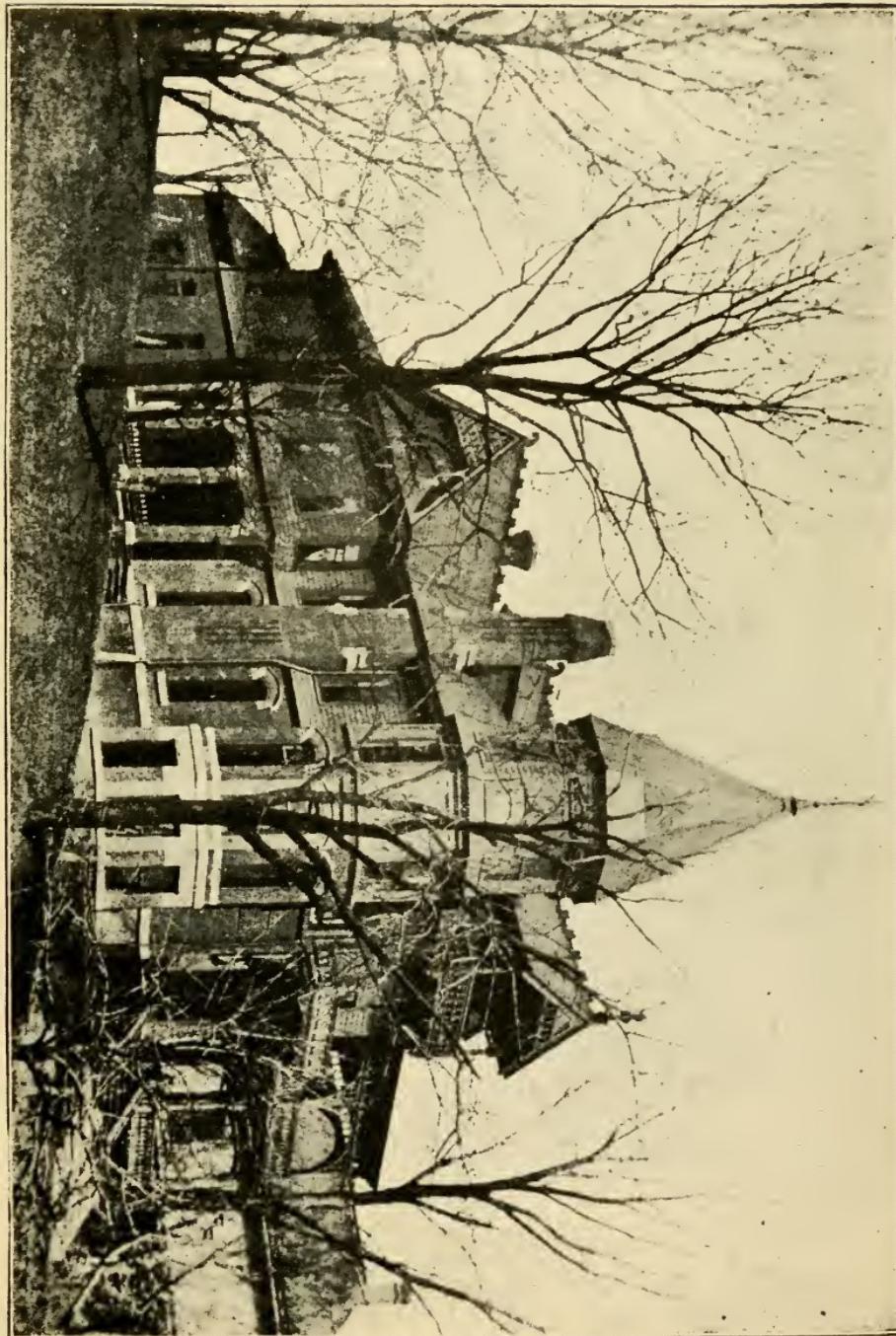
It was decided to leave Dan a few months longer to the close of the term of his school and Blanche and I returned home, arriving about the middle of June: Dan returning in the fall.

In 1883 we decided to make over our residence on Chestnut street hill. It needed a new roof and some more conveniences, so engaged an architect and a corps of workmen and dismantled the old place. The work grew on our hands. The think-tank of the architect as well as our own was active and almost before we knew it some twenty thousand dollars had gone into the improvement and the mansion as at present seen or rather, as it was before its glory departed, was the result. As the money was made to cover it while the work was going on, by the profit on the North Park addition, platted by Mr. Clapp and myself; it didn't seem so foolish an expenditure as it does now.

This improvement grew out of the fact that your mother had been seriously ill, almost since Roger's birth, and later her life in doubt, but at length the physicians assured us of her full restoration to health and as she had had to put up with inconveniences in the old home I determined she should have as good a

# C H E S T N U T   L O D G E.

(See back of page for legend.)



# LEGEND

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## CHESTNUT LODGE, CHESTNUT HILL, 417 Chestnut St., Des Moines, Ia.

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Ground purchased and built on in 1855 by Col. S. F. Spofford. Sold in 1859 to Hon. John Teesdale, State Printer and Postmaster, and occupied by him and sold to S. Harbert about 1866.

Bought by F. M. Mills in 1875. House enlarged and occupied in August, 1876.

Grandmother Pernina Ross died here in 187—.

Roger Clarkson Mills born here April 20, 1879.

F. M. Mills and Anna Ross Mills celebrated silver wedding here Dec. 26, 1879.

House rebuilt in present form in 1883.

Blanche Mills and Charles A. Finkbine married here Nov. 11, 1884.

Dan Ross Mills made his home here until married to Kitty Given, Jan. 24, 1885.

Anna Ross Mills died here May 25, 1885.

Katharine Mills married Edwin Corrie Chase here June 6, 1888.

Annette Crawford was married to F. M. Mills and came to this house Dec. 11, 1888.

Mildred Mills was born here Sept. 5, 1890.

Marie Mills was married here to Albert H. Goode Dec. 9, 1891.

Carroll Crawford Mills was born here March 24, 1892.

Ethel Mills was married here to Otis Gray Love Feb. 21, 1894.

Walton Mills Goode was born here June 8, 1894.

F. M. Mills and family removed from here to Lincoln, Ill., Dec. 31, 1896.

This house is located on the site selected by the people of West Des Moines in 1856 for State Capital of Iowa. It was also a prominent choice for Polk County Court House in 1900 and for Government Building in 1902, but was defeated in each case, the two latter because it was thought by some not to be near enough to business center of city.

Exchanged in 1908 for farm in Cass county, Michigan.

home as I could give her for the rest of her life. However, after a year or two of hope it became apparent that her days were numbered, and on May 25th, 1885, she passed away. One of the best and sweetest wives and mothers, a woman of strong and noble character and as charming as she was beautiful and good. She was not yet fifty years old, but in her casket she looked almost a girl.

On November 11, the year before, on her mother's birthday, Blanche was married to Charles A. Finkbine, and in January following Dan was married to Kitty Given, daughter of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Given.

Kittie remained with me as my good little house-keeper until she was married on June 6th, 1888 to Edward Corrie Chase.

Mary and Ethel were most of the time in school. Mary first at St. Katherines at Davenport, then both of them at Wesleyan college, Cincinnati, where their girl friend, Eleanor Hoyt, was teacher of literature; then both of them at Miss Aikens' school at Stamford, Conn.

About March, 1888, Julia Olsen came to us and has remained with us ever since, our faithful and competent help and housekeeper. We hope and expect she will be with us to the end of her life.

On December 11, 1888, I was married to Annette Crawford at her mother's home in Winterset, Iowa. Fate cares for us poor mortals and propinquity assists in carrying out her plans. In my frequent visits to my farm we were thrown together and my well known judgment and discrimination and determination to secure the best in everything as well as my sentimental disposition, guided me aright. I am sure you all approve of my action and believe she has been

a joy to us all. I have often said that I drew four prizes in the matrimonial lottery—two of the most lovely women and best wives any man was ever blessed with and two of the finest mothers-in-law any man ever had. Mother Ross lived with us for nearly twenty years after her husband died. She was a dear old lady as you older ones know. The same is true of Mrs. Crawford. Soon after her son Andy married she came to us at Lincoln, Ills., and remained until her death some years later. She was a woman of culture and great natural ability and of fine English family. The distinguishing feature of both of these excellent women was their great love for their children.

About 1887 propositions were made to us for the purchase of a part of our establishment. After over thirty years of strenuous business life, even a season of partial rest looked good to us and the printing and binding departments were sold to a company formed by John S. McCaughan under the title of the Iowa Printing company. Most of our traveling men and office force took stock in the concern. Mr. Ross took over the lithographic department and Jacob took a part of the farm property which we took in exchange. I took over the law book department and assumed the indebtedness of the concern. I ran the law book concern until I had an opportunity to dispose of the Iowa reports.

While I was abroad in 1881 I made two notable real estate deals, both by cable, one the sale of our old homestead on Fourth street to the Wabash railroad; the ground now being occupied by the tracks leading to the union depot. To this property I made and acknowledged the deed before Hon. John A. Kasson, then United States minister at Vienna. The other was the purchase of the Exposition building at the

corner of Eighth street on the site of the present Grand department store.

The continued growth of our business required more room and in 1881, soon after my return from abroad, we moved into the building and occupied nearly the whole of it with our business. It was 132 feet square, three stories high. There was a fine hall in one part of the third story which the city's swell Lotus club rented and held many notable parties there. Afterward Ballington Booth and his charming and talented and world-honored wife inveigled me into renting to them for the Salvation Army, and it was used for their meetings for two or three years.

Some time after 1890 the fine stock business, in which I was largely engaged on the farm which we had taken in part payment for the printing business and the Munger farm for which I exchanged the Fourth street business block, suffered a general collapse from which it did not recover for several years. I carried my stock until my cattle and horses about ate their heads off and finally sold them and pocketed the loss. That I was carrying on the stock breeding business on correct lines was proven some years later when polled Angus cattle I had sold at a sacrifice brought five and six hundred dollars a head at auction and I was told by Mr. McGavick, a noted salesman of that breed of cattle, that in 1900 three of the progeny of a fine young heifer I had sold for \$275.00 at ten months old, he sold at auction for ten thousand dollars for the three. It was worth something to me to have it proven that my judgment was not wrong. While in the stock and publishing business I did a piece of editorial and compiling work of which I cannot help being proud. This was the compilation and preparation of the Index Digest of the First Ten

Volumes of the American Trotting Register. I have been told by many good judges that it is one of the very best samples of that kind of work ever accomplished and this was my own exclusive work, not only in execution but in conception. No error has ever been discovered in this volume of near a thousand pages. This book, from which I expected to make a large profit, was handicapped by the collapse of the horse interest just at the time of its publication. It was not a failure, however. It is still the treasured companion of the old breeders and horsemen.

After disposing of our establishment I had traded the Exposition building for a large stock ranch near the packing house and stock yards at Fort Worth, Texas, and after the collapse of the stock interests throughout the entire country I exchanged the Texas ranch for a water, light and power plant and the farm in Madison county of nearly 2,000 acres, for the gas plant at Lincoln, Ills.

In the course of two or three years some extensions and improvements in the water and light plant becoming necessary, I rented our home in Des Moines and removed to Lincoln to take charge. Mary's husband, an electric expert, and Dan, had previously gone there to operate the different departments. We remained there until I sold the plants, Dan returning to Des Moines and Mr. Goode going to Atlanta in charge of a large New York firm's business in the south.

On selling out of the plants at Lincoln in 1901, the desire to again engage in newspaper business attacked me, and finding the Springfield News for sale I negotiated for it and secured it. Soon after I became interested in a proposed interurban at Salt Lake City, Utah, and contracted to go there on a liberal salary to look into it. I remained there about sixteen months.

Some changes in the plans were made and the difficulty of getting fair consideration from the city and Mormon authorities caused the plan to be abandoned.

In the meantime I had helped to run the paper by mail and telegraph, having left the immediate management to George E. Anderson, a man of great ability and an experienced newspaper man. He is now U. S. Consul General at Hong Kong, China, having previously held the same position at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, and prior to that Consul first at Hangchow and at Amoy, China.

After two months spent in traversing the Pacific coast from Victoria, B. A., to Los Angeles, we returned by the southern route to Springfield to relieve Mr. Anderson to go to the consulship to which he had been appointed by President Roosevelt.

The next year favorable propositions were made to me for the purchase of the News and I sold it to Hon. Frank Lowden and J. McCan Davis.

I then joined Mr. Jas. G. McMichael, president of the Atlas Railway Supply company of Chicago, in a scheme to build an interurban railway up the St. Joe river and to Dowagiac. We moved then to Benton Harbor, which is now our nominal home, at least.

Soon after going to Benton Harbor, Mr. McMichael and I, in connection with C. K. Minary of Springfield, Ills., and Wm. Jarvis of Louisville, and two local men, H. S. Gray and H. C. Mason, formed a syndicate and bought the city street railway and also interested some other Louisville capitalists. This resulted in the improvement of the city line and the building of the interurban to Dowagiac, Cass county, and to the resorts at Paw Paw Lake and to an extension of the line to a connection with the Fruit Belt line to Kalamazoo. I acted as auditor of the road until it

was fully taken over and thereafter as treasurer in addition for a year and a half more, when I resigned to take up the building and operation of a street railway in Sioux Falls, having been granted a favorable franchise by the city council. Though still retaining my interests at Benton Harbor and in the street and interurban railways, my time has been given principally the past four years to our Sioux Falls interests, where we have now in successful operation some 12 miles of railway with some other extensions projected.

When the war in Cuba broke out, Roger, whose senior year in the state agricultural college at Ames had just begun, made haste to enlist and then wired for my consent, as he was under the required age, without his parents' consent. I replied that he must stay and complete his course. Then he called me up by long distance phone and said that he was ordered to the rendezvous at Des Moines and had to go, that he had studied ahead and had taken some of the senior studies in his junior year and that he thought he could pass the senior examinations which he afterwards did and was duly graduated at commencement, although he was in Cuba at the time. President Beardsheare sent a very complimentary letter with the diploma. Soon after his enlistment he was offered the civilian clerkship to Brigade Quartermaster Worthington and by Col. Lopers' advice accepted it, although he had already been called for duty at regimental headquarters. He accompanied Major Worthington to Camp Meade at Washington, thence to Greenville, S. C., and from thence they were transferred to New York to take command of the Transport Dixie, in which he made several voyages to and around Cuba, carrying troops and supplies. At the end of the years' service of Major Worthington, Roger was transferred

to the chief quartermaster's office at San Francisco, where he remained for some three years, thence to Seattle and from there to Port Townsend and later to Spokane, being in the service some eight years, and having had much experience in all branches of the quartermaster service, in the field, in transport service, at general headquarters and largely in the contract and purchasing departments and considerable in the construction department, especially at Port Townsend, where some three million dollars were spent in construction of government works and forts. Considerable of the time he was acting chief clerk and would shortly have been advanced to that position with a corresponding salary. He had a strong desire to get at his chosen pursuit, farming, having married a year or so before, and when I wired him that I had bought the Hamilton fruit farm at Benton Harbor and that he could come and run it if he wished, he resigned at once and has been in charge of the farm ever since, and also of the large farm at Dowagiac Mich., for which we exchanged our home at Des Moines.

Our home is at present on the fruit farm in Benton Harbor, but the family spends the summer with me in Sioux Falls, where my active business is, and I divide the rest of the time with them at Benton Harbor.

## A BIRTHDAY RE-UNION.

In pursuance of a general desire on the part of my children that my birthday occurring on the 4th of April, 1911, should be observed by as many of them and of their families as possible, we gathered at Des Moines and on Tuesday evening the fourth, at the residence of my daughter, Kitty Chase, were present the following: Blanche and her husband, Charles A. Finkbine, her daughter, Anna, and son, Roger S., (Frank, who had come from school at Delafield, Wis., to welcome me was obliged to return to school, so while we saw and visited with him he was not present at the gathering on the 4th.) Kitty and her husband, Ed. C. Chase, Katherine and Edmund their children, Dan R. and his wife, Kitty, and daughter, Ruth, (Frank, his son, being in New York in the Academy of Design.) Mary Tompkins, my daughter residing at the army post at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. (her husband, Lt. E. R. Tompkins being with the army at San Antonio, and her two boys, Walton and Roger, being in school at Chattanooga, Tenn.,) Ethel and her daughter, Marjorie Love, Roger and his son, Frederick, his wife and daughter, Janet, being at home in Benton Harbor, Mildred being at school in Washington could not be present. My sister, Mary, from Elkhart was present and also my nephew, Pleasant J. Mills, and his wife and daughter. Ed. C. Finkbine was also present.

After the sumptuous dinner was over a series of mock express packages were brought and presented

to the guest of honor comprising everything from a toy car to an automobile, with all sorts of messages and sentiments, wise and otherwise, with poetic effusions from previously unknown poets in the family.

To show their heredity the doggerel celebrating the event was here read by the victim of the occasion.

### HIS BIRTH DAY.

(April 4th.)

These lines are in honor of a comical gent,  
Who, a burden upon her was mercilessly sent  
To a suffering earth, though scarcely his fault  
At the time of his birth for such an assault.)

This gent he was born a long time ago  
The world to adorn for a century or so.  
'Twas in April he came, though not on the first  
But so close to the time that Fate near did its worst.

For all of the worry for which he's to blame  
He sometimes is sorry that ever he came.  
But if 'twas to do over it's as certain as sin  
He's such an old rover he'd sure come again.

Now his hair it is gray and his nose long and red  
But he's not a bit bare on the top of his head.  
Which all goes to show his hair's on pretty tight.  
Or his wife's a bit slow in exercising her right.

It's a moderate sized head with not too much inside it;  
To go early to bed, he ne'er could abide it.  
To get up in the morning he's not much inclined,  
And Ill give you fair warning, he's often behind.

He likes a good horse, but don't care for cats,  
Excepting, of course, to clear out the rats.

Don't object to a dog if he don't bark at night  
Tho' he sleeps like a log yet he never get tight.

For he ne'er draws a cork, howe'er you may doubt it  
And he don't like to work, you know all about it.  
As in the story you tell, you have it by heart  
"If the corn isn't shelled you may drive on your cart."

Now for a man to be poor and deucedly plain  
And to have very little of which to be vain,  
On his family's account it's exceedingly sad he  
Should happen to be such a numerous daddy.

He's a bit of a crank but not much of a dude, he  
Always is Frank and yet he is Moody.  
But ever and always he's down on his bills,  
(Which sometimes he pays) as Frank Moody Mills.

After which on adjournment to the parlors an elegant desk and chair was formally presented by D. R. Mills on behalf of the assembled family in the following neat address:

Dear Folks:—

I think it fitting at this time, that I make a few remarks in behalf of the Mills family.

In speaking for myself I can say that I have always been proud of the man I selected for my father, and it is our very great pleasure to have the privilege of bestowing these happy birthday greetings upon him.

I know that you will agree with me that his true and noble character has ever been an inspiration to us all. For close to half a century I have been a member of this family, and I want to say that I am proud of it, and this happy re-union tonight marks an event which will long be remembered.

Papa:—as a slight token of our sincere love and re-

gard for you, it is our very great pleasure to have the opportunity to present to you this desk and chair, from Nettie, all of the children and grandchildren, and we trust that it will long prove useful to you and a gentle reminder of our heartfelt wishes for your welfare and future happiness.

Then, in addition to a large number of telegrams and letters from friends, the following telegram was received from the Noon-day and Commercial Clubs of Sioux Falls:

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Sioux Falls, S. D., April 4th, 1911.

F. M. Mills,

Des Moines, Iowa.

The Noon Day Club congratulates the man who started the wheels of progress in Sioux Falls; who has already given Oslerism the lie, and who we trust will demonstrate that five score years, not three, is the limit of man's usefulness. Sioux Falls joins Des Moines in celebration of your past achievements, but congratulates herself that your future triumphs will be here. We congratulate you on reaching this milestone and trust you will pass at least twenty more.

THE NOON DAY CLUB,

By A. R. FELLOWS,

H. C. SESSIONS, and

J. W. BOYCE,

Committee.

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Dear Friend:

In the midst of your happy moments and pleasures on this, the occasion of the celebration of your eightieth birthday, surrounded by dear ones, wife, children,

grandchildren, we trust you will pause one moment to accept our most hearty congratulations and earnest hopes for a continuance of many years of the active, useful life you have experienced, and have so faithfully and earnestly devoted to your dear ones. We know this will be a happy event for you all and there are none outside your family circle who can offer more sincere and earnest congratulations to you and your dear family, than your sincere friends,

MR. AND MRS. F. D. CONGER and ELIA,  
Benton Harbor, Mich., April 2nd, 191.

Mr. F. M. Mills, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Evanston, Ill.

My Dear Uncle Frank:

What an ovation you are having this past week. It helps a lot when one reaches the prime of life to have loved ones and dear friends to help celebrate. I congratulate you from my heart and wish I could be there tomorrow to drink to your health. You know I am in on the old settler business altho' it is rather a give-away as to age. Did you get my telegram last Tuesday? We are all rather under the weather and especially myself. I can't get a firm grip an my nerves for some reason. Tell Charlie I enjoyed his letter. Love to yourself and all the family, and wish I could have been with you. Affectionately,

BELLE D. BIRMINGHAM.

Saturday morning.

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Hon. F. M. Mills,  
Des Moines, Iowa.

Congratulations on your birthday. May health and happiness continue to be yours. May all your loved

ones share the same blessings. Your life long friend  
and apprentice.

LAFAYETTE YOUNG.

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Stevan School, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Mills:

I have just celebrated my 70th birthday, but I don't suppose you will own up to such an age for your natal day tomorrow, but it is no matter how many years we may count if the heart is still young—as are yours and mine. Doesn't it only seem like yesterday that you called me into Judge Cole's parlor, and told me you and Nettie had decided to join hands and hearts, "for better, for worse, as long as life should last." You have kept good the vow and God has been very good to you to spare you both so many years to bless each other. I hope you may both continue to do so for many, many years to come, and it seems but a few years since I first knew you in 1870, when Dan was in my room at the Lincoln school. I remember your first visit to school when Dan ran away from school to hunt birds' eggs and numerous other things in the woods. You thought I was too indulgent because I did not punish him. Do you remember?

Well the years have been many and long since then and every year has counted one strong for me—in your friendship—and devotion to my work. I always knew you were my friend, true and strong, as have been your children, all of them and I love them all, and Nettie and you, and my hope and prayer is you may live long and have many more birthdays to gladden the hearts of those who love you well.

With love to the entire family I am as ever and forever the same.

Yours most sincerely,

LOU M. WILSON.

After which Roger Clarkson Mills read a letter he had received from Gen. Jas. S. Clarkson and also a letter from Mr. Clarkson to F. M. Mills which by request of the family is inserted here:

Playford Farm, Sleepy Hollow Road,  
Tarrytown, New York, March 29, 1911.

Roger C. Mills

Benton Harbor, Mich.

My Dear Roger: I received your letter as to your father's forth-coming birthday and am glad to comply with your request and herewith enclose a letter to him for the occasion. It got too long before I knew it for I could easily write a book about him, but when I came to read it over I could find nothing I wanted to leave out although I thought of many things I would like to add and so left it as it is.

Of course you and others of his own blood know what a splendid man your father is and each of you could write of many thousands of kind things he has done and of the constant bounty of his great heart. But those of us outside of his family to whom he owed nothing and for whom he need never have exerted himself have even more reason to be grateful than even his own children have. There are good and generous men in the world and many of them do generous and helpful things for others when they think of it, or when they are asked to do it but there are but few men who like your father always thinks and always remembers and always acts whenever opportunity to serve their fellow men presents itself as your father has always done. Thoughtlessness is usually a part of selfishness. Remembering and never forgetting and never failing to act prove the generous man such as your father has always been.

I know this will be a precious day to you all when

you all shall be in Des Moines; you and Blanche and Dan and Kitty and Marie and Ethel and your families to pay your loving and loyal respects to your father when he has reached so good an age and is still so vigorous and still the strong one of all of you—strong in physical and mental strength, strong in the clear and fine nobility of the record of his long life and strong in all the finer things which contribute to family love and family pride. It will be a proud day and a day of mingled happiness and pathos to you all. Mrs. Clarkson and I would be glad to be with you to share in the opportunity to make your father feel and know how deeply and widely he is loved but as it is we can only send our loving good wishes to him and to all of you.

Sincerely yours,

JAS. S. CLARKSON.

My Dear Mr. Mills:

Having learned that your family and your friends in Des Moines are going to celebrate on the 4th of next month your arrival at the age of eighty years, and also the completion of your 55th year as a citizen of Des Moines, I cannot refrain from sending a letter in order to add my loving tribute to you, together with the many others which will be given you on that day. I would love to be present with those who can pay their respects to you in person, but as this can not be, I will, for myself and my family, and for the thousands of other absent ones, who hold you in as deep affection, and as much in admiration, as those who will have the good fortune to be with you, send to you this message of loving congratulation and affectionate greeting.

Knowing Des Moines and its people as well as I do, and knowing the great and faithful measure in which for over half a century you have wrought for the good

of the city and of all who have lived in it, I can imagine what a day this will be on the fourth of April, a day when a grateful and appreciative city will pay its tribute of honor and affection to a man who as much as any citizen it has ever had has helped to lay its foundations and to assure the greatness into which it has so proudly come.

There are men and women still living whose knowledge and memory go further back than mine as to your original devotion to Des Moines, and your intelligent and incessant work in its behalf, but I can give testimony which covers forty-five years of the city's history, or the witness of nearly half a century, as to the high aspirations you have had for Des Moines from the first—and for the state of Iowa as well—and as to the faithful and never tiring manner in which you were for so many years the very leader of the early enthusiasts who, ever determined that it should early realize its possible destiny and become the leading city of the state.

You had put in the first ten years of your work for the upbuilding of the city and of the state when I came to Des Moines in 1866. I already had a high opinion of you and a love for your name the result of the acquaintance and friendship which existed between our fathers, two men whose nobility never was questioned and never will be forgotten, back in the old home in the state of Indiana, where each had borne a useful and distinguished part in the upbuilding of the sister western state. This predisposition in your favor was quickly and constantly heightened as I daily saw your incessant and influential efforts in behalf of Des Moines as a city and of Iowa as a state. It was from the fountain of your enthusiasm and civic pride that I was inspired on the same high lines, and what-

ever I was able, in the succeeding years, to do for Des Moines or for Iowa, I did as a student of Frank Mills. You were both my teacher and my inspiration, and as you inspired me you also personally, and, through your conduct of the Register, inspired many thousands of others to join in the good work of building up the city and the state.

When I look back to the days when I came to Des Moines, a boy from the farm, with the world all still before me, and remember the encouraging kindness I received from you, and from Mrs. Mills, whose whole life was an honor to womanhood and a blessing to all who knew her, I feel as I have felt through all the years since, that you were the needed and timely friend who not only shaped my whole future career, but also largely gave me the inspiration and encouragement by which I gained whatever of success or usefulness fell to my lot. My family, and my father before them, always knew this, and of the never ending and increasing gratitude I have always felt to you therefor. You will perhaps remember that after you and your brother, "J. W.", whom I found to be as worthy and as loveable as you, and whom I afterwards learned to love as deeply as yourself, had bought the Register, and had asked me to become the city editor of the paper, I had already bought and then had in my pocket a western stage coach ticket to Denver, and was going to leave the next day to take up my home there. Then you not only made me an editor, and gave me my chance in the larger world, but you kept me a citizen of Iowa. One of the finest of the thousand fine things about you is that in your way through the world you have not only helped others rise but have constantly sought for such chances to serve your fellow men. I could from

memory put down a long row of the honored names of the men you have helped into larger usefulness and many of them into fame. Only a few nights ago I sat by Senator Young at the annual dinner of the Iowa Society of New York. We spent an hour talking of you, of our days together under you in the old Register office, of what we both owed to you in our lives, and how you had always stood as the one man we had known who had most helped other men up into larger life and greater things. For "Lafe," you know, —who bears the credentials of proved ability and great accomplishment, and notably so in the United States senate the past winter, was also one of your "discoveries," and is great enough to admit it, and to be grateful for it. It was a pretty deep and tender and grateful talk we had in that hour about you. It was an exhibit of the human heart at its best. We had as a family just sent a dispatch to General Dodge at Council Bluffs, expressing our regret that he, who was our first president, could not be at the dinner, and sending him, as a society, our loving congratulations on the happy approach of his 80th birthday on the 6th of next month, two days after you, and on his useful and distinguished life. Only a seat or two away sat Judge Dillon, who will be 80 this year, and Colonel Hepburn, who is only a year or two behind, and both of them, like yourself, honorary members of our society, and both men, the same as General Dodge and yourself, having the love of all Iowa people in such measure of admiration and affection as generally is given to kinsmen. Colonel Hepburn had made a speech, as only he with his almost unequaled witchery of speech can speak, relating memories of the seventy years he has lived in Iowa, and "our Lafe" had followed with a speech on the "Pioneers of Iowa," which in its depth

of feeling had the eloquence of inspiration and found its way into the depths of the heart of every man and woman who heard it. It is seldom even multiplying generations, that an old state could find in a meeting of a society in its name, four names to be honored as highly and loved as deeply, as these four names of men now reaching the long limit of four score of years after useful and distinguished lives that come up for honor and affection at this Iowa dinner so far away from the state. Somtimes I think that only Iowa produces great and lovable men in such large numbers, and that only Iowa people are always ready to pay loving and sufficient tribute to her great men while they are yet living.

I wish you might have been present at this dinner to have received the affectionate tribute that would have been given you. I congratulate you, my dear old friend, who has always had such a genius for friendship, how dearly I would love to be with you on this day when your family and your friends in Des Moines will come to you with their loving congratulations, and share in the honor of being with you on the arrival of your 80th birthday, the day when you will be 80 years young.

All of us here at Playford, Mrs. Clarkson and the boys, and Lucy, (Coker's wife) and Olivia, the granddaughter who fell in love with you at sight, talk daily of our great pleasure in having had you and Mrs. Mills here with us in this new home, and all feel that the presence of such a friend among friends was a blessing which will always be one of the precious memories of the family. We would all love to be with you on this beautiful 4th of April, when those who love you best in Des Moines will unite to thank and bless you for all you have been to them, and for all you have been

to Des Moines and to Iowa. You will be made to feel how your great and unselfish work for your home and for your neighbors and for mankind, for over half a century, is remembered, and appreciated, and never to be forgotten. You have made a proud name by a long lifetime of generous deeds and great works; and have followed faithfully the keynote of your whole career in consecrating yourself to the purpose of serving the public good and helping your fellow men, rather than seeking selfish rewards and personal fortune. If the thousands of people you have in your long life directly helped could come to you on that day to give you their congratulations and their own thanks, the day would not be long enough for you to receive them all; and if the city of Des Moines and the state of Iowa should attempt to make an expression of their appreciation for what you have done for their betterment it would take every governor of the state and every mayor of the city since 1855 to make the expression faithful and complete.

You have your reward in the pride of your own family, and of all of your name and blood, and the record you have made, and the honors you have added to the name of Mills, and in the complete esteem and affection in which you are held by the people of your city and your state, this proud measure of happiness and honor comes to you while you are still possessed of all your powers and faculties, and still capable of enjoying life in all its finer realizations; and the prayer and the belief of all who know you will be that you are yet to have in sufficient years to come an even greater happiness than you have had before. That you will continue to utilize your vigor and still be a producer, and find your main happiness in not only working yourself but giving many others employment,

is to your credit. You have set a fine example to all men and especially to men of advancing years, in remaining in active business, and in finding continued happiness therein.

With the love of all of us at Playford to you, and to all who love you, and especially to all the old friends who will be with you, I am with grateful and unchanging friendship,

Always yours,  
JAMES S. CLARKSON.

Mr. F. M. Mills, Des Moines.

Then after a persistent call Roger Clarkson Mills said :

In the year 1831, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, just eighty years ago today, was chronicled an event which is the occasion of our being assembled here on this beautiful spring day. Most of us around this banquet table owe much to that event, and we are here to do honor to Frank M. Mills and to extend to him our most cordial congratulations on his eightieth anniversary.

I wish to venture the remark, that upon the eventful date mentioned, Frank rubbed his chubby fists into his eyes, kicked his heels into the air, gave a loud yell of elation at the prospects of a long and useful life in this beautiful world, and, seating himself to the first banquet which Mother Nature had thoughtfully prepared for him, he drank his fill and lapsed into slumber land with pleasant dreams of the future.

During the tender years of his existence he was carefully and lovingly tended by his sister Mary, who is our dear Aunt Mary, whom we are very glad to have with us to help celebrate this auspicious occasion, and without whom this gathering would be incomplete.

We will pass lightly over the early periods of his

life which doubtless were full of joys and sorrows, through which Frank pursued his way, always optimistic and always finding good where there was the least good to be found.

From deviling in his Brother Jacob's printing office to clerking in a general store, to being purser on Mississippi river steam boats in the south, and back again to Indiana as proprietor of a store of his own, our guest of honor acquired a varied business education and experience which was to stand him in good stead during the years to come.

Fifty-five years ago this month saw Frank M. Mills a young man full of determination and vim headed westward ho! in search of fame and fortune. On this venture he was not alone for in the meantime he had met, wooed and won Anna Ross, who accompanied him on this homeseeking trip to the west, and whose loving and kindly devotion ever proved his hope and inspiration during times of hardship and trial.

At that early date, the railroad had been constructed as far only as the Mississippi river, and from Keokuk on to Fort Des Moines the objective destination, the trip was made by stage coach and occupied many days and nights, for at this time of year the Iowa roads were hub deep with mud and the going was slow and tedious.

Anna, with her little infant, rested as comfortably as possible within the coach, while Frank, with other male passengers, was compelled to get out and walk, where portions of the road were so heavy that the stage horses slipped and floundered in the mud, and frequently, when the coach mired in the deep ruts, the men would take a rail from a neighboring fence and pry the coach out of the sticky gumbo before they could proceed.

After many trials and mishaps, on the tenth day of April, 1856, this enthusiastic young couple had their first glimpse of Fort Des Moines, and knew that their tedious journey was at an end.

The first impressions of the promised land can be best described by the subject of this text, and doubtless a picture of what Des Moines was fifty-five years ago, with the absence of practically everything that goes towards making her the beautiful city which we have here today, is still vividly portrayed in his mind's eye.

From a small start, Frank, as he has ever been known to his countless friends, soon began to prosper in his new home. His business ventures were many, and he became to be known as a successful man and an influential citizen.

Life indeed looked rosy, until 1885, sickness invaded this happy home and two years later the family was wrapped in sorrow over the death of wife and mother.

Thus it is oftentimes, when happiness seems complete, that the departure of a loved one desolates the home.

Des Moines had long since outgrown her log cabin stage, and was beginning to give promise of what she is today.

Frank saw Des Moines as an infant, struggling for a place on the map, gradually developing and absorbing strength as she grew from a burg to a village and from a village to a city.

Her slogan, "Des Moines does things," might well be revised to read "Des Moines has done things, but will do more in the future."

Though Des Moines plays an important part in the life of Frank M. Mills, we are not here to laud Des Moines. There are still great things ahead of her and

may the next fifty years witness improvements greater even than those in the past.

In 1888 Cupid again knocked at the door to Frank's heart, and in December of that year Annette Crawford was welcomed into our family circle, and through her tender ministrations Frank owes much of the good health he enjoys at the beginning of his fifth score of years. Annette, or Nettie, has been a true friend to us all, has ever demanded our respect, and to the speaker has filled the place of mother as no one else could have done.

In the year 1896, Frank's business interests required his removal to Lincoln, Illinois, and it was with keen regrets that he left Des Moines, the city which he had loved so well, and which will ever seem to him more like home than any place else in the world.

From Lincoln to Salt Lake City, back again to Illinois at Springfield, and then to Benton Harbor, Michigan, were the successive moves as business interests seemed to demand.

Ever with the determination to do big things, Frank's attention was called, by his son, Dan, to the fact that at that time Sioux Falls, South Dakota, was the largest city in the United States without a street railway system.

Trolley lines were no new project to this man of affairs, and after a visit of inspection to Sioux Falls where he found prospects very favorable, he undertook, single-handed, one of the biggest propositions of his life.

He saw in Sioux Falls another Des Moines; he saw the prospects of a traction system whose steel rails would cover the city, and affording terminal facilities for interurban lines which he knew in time would radiate in all directions with Sioux Falls as the hub.

He has put his best in Sioux Falls, and staking his accumulations of years, backed up by an unlimited reserve supply of will power and determination, he has built up in Sioux Falls a monument that will ever bear witness to his name, and his faith in the city of his choice.

Frank M. Mills is a man who does things, and he has accomplished for Sioux Falls what others had attempted and failed. The opportunity awaited the right man and he grasped the opportunity. His many successes are forgotten in the lime light of what he has done for Sioux Falls.

This is Frank M. Mills' day. He deserves it; everything that is good in life should be his. We are gathered together at this happy birthday party in his honor, to show him in a humble way our respect and affection.

May this day be one in our lives never to be forgotten, and twenty years hence, by the Grace of God may we be gathered together again, with our ranks undiminished by the passings years.

In closing these remarks allow me to quote a few words, written on the reverse side of a photograph of our subject, and shown me some years ago in New York by his old friend, Mrs. James S. Clarkson, which read, "Frank M. Mills, the best man that ever lived."

The family immediately hailed Roger as the orator of the occasion and congratulated him upon his effort.

After the above letters were read the youngest of the children, Carroll Crawford Mills, 19 years old and six feet two and a half inches tall, was called upon and said briefly:

As the youngest of the family modesty should forbid my saying anything on this occasion but as you

call upon me it is my pleasure to re-iterate the sentiments of my eloquent brothers and join with all of you in doing honor to our father to whom we owe so much.

As I grow older and become better acquainted with the world and its ways, a deeper love and respect for my father and a better appreciation of what he has accomplished and what he has done for us has taken possession of me. If I can attain to as high a plane of character and standing as he has I will have reached my greatest ambition.

We hope he will remain with us for many more years and that we will come together again and again to celebrate his anniversaries.

## **CELEBRATION OF FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ARRIVAL IN DES MOINES.**

On Sunday a grand reception of old friends and early settlers took place at Chas. A. Finkbine's, to celebrate the 55th anniversary of my arrival in Des Moines, where old friends met and were welcomed with refreshments.

An autograph register was made of those present with the year they came to Des Moines or Iowa, which is reproduced here.

### **REGISTERING VISITORS.**

Register of old friends—old settlers—who called upon F. M. Mills and wife at his daughter's, Mrs. Chas. A. Finkbine, on the 55th anniversary of his arrival in Des Moines, and in honor of his birthday, April 4th.

W. L. White.....	1867	Dr. L. E. Carpenter..	1900
Ella C. White.....	1853	E. A. Robertson.....	1856
Rebecca Mitchell ....	1857	M. I. Aitkin.....	1874
Mrs. S. Jennie Phillips...		Tac Hussey .....	1855
.....	1857	Alwilda E. Smith.....	
Seth Graham .....	1850	...Born in Des Moines	
J. J. Williams.....	1860	Mrs. S. B. Tuttle....	1876
G. M. Drady.....	1856	D. F. Mills.....	1866
Mary B. Williams...	1862	C. W. Keyes.....	1858
W. L. Brown.....	1869	J. D. Keys.....	
W. C. Towne.....	1883	J. W. Cheek.....	1862
Minnie Mills Elliott..	1860	S. B. Tuttle.....	1876

Eugenie Given Bryan	1859	Margaret P. Robertson	...
Nelle Stark Henry	1864		1856
Geo. F. Henry	1877	Mr. and Mrs. Homer A.	
Mrs. Tac Hussey	1859	Miller	1898
Pleasant J. Mills	1857	May Easton Mills	1882
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hess.		Maude H. Jewett	1880
	1888	K. E. Jewett	1864
Mrs. J. M. Christy	1885	K. E. Jewett, Jr.	1904
Geo. D. McCain	1856	E. C. Finkbine	1879
Ida A. McCain	1865	Clinton Nourse	1889
Carroll Wright	1865	Elizabeth B. Nourse	1889
Kiefer R. Mason	1888	L. W. Harbach	1857
James G. Berryhill	1877	G. N. Maxon	1882
J. Howard Henry	1883	L. H. Bush	1848
Ada S. Henry	1883	H. C. Alverson	1871
Virginia J. Berryhill	1881	C. A. Dudley	1867
Jennie B. Maxon	1884	W. D. Skinner	1869
Cora Chase	1888	Mrs. Katherine Hooker	
Mrs. J. H. Windsor	1872	Skinner	
Mrs. E. M. Hunt	1872	Simon Casady	1852
C. R. Chase	1870	Sarah C. Casady	
F. M. Hubbell	1855	Edward R. Mason	1869
Walter M. McCain	1856	Eliza J. Potter	1852
Sara L. McCain	1869	H. C. Potter	1855
Helen L. Garver	1881	Mrs. C. N. Hamilton	1855
Nettie W. Lichty	1858	Nellie J. Knotts	1887
Norman Lichty	1858	T. H. Knotts	1863
G. H. Ragsdale	1850	D. W. Stapp	1881
Mrs. Walter G. Reed	1881	W. H. Lehman	1856
Walter G. Reed	1855	Mrs. Electa A. Ives	1856
Harvey Ingham	1902	Mrs. Rosa Ives Pelton	
Crom. Bowen	1869		1856
J. C. Cummins	1877	Katherine D. Ives	
Cora M. Cummins	1878	Mrs. Nettie Latta	
Ella M. McLoney	1880	Mrs. Frank Baylies	

T. T. Morris.....	1855	Wm. W. Pearson....	1896
R. T. Wellslager....	1854	R. S. Finkbine, Jr....	1896
Anna Beekman Wells-		Mary M. Tompkins..	1879
lager .....	1857	Ethel Mills Love....	1877
J. D. Whisenand....	1881	Katherine MillsChase	
Mrs.J. D. Whisenand	1865	.....	1865
Mrs. H. C. Alverson.	1873	Katherine Chase ....	1890
H. D. Thompson....	1869	E. C. Chase.....	1870
J. M. Christy.....	1885	Dan R. Mills.....	1861
Robert Fullerton ...	1875	Kittie Given Mills...	1866
Florence Conway McFar-		C. A. Finkbine.....	1878
land .....	1889	Geo. A. Dissmore....	1868
Marjorie Love .....	1897	Blache M. Finkbine..	1857
Ruth Mills .....	1894	Geo. Towne .....	
Frances McFarland .	1889	Mrs. Harvey Ingham....	
George H. Lewis....	1869	W. O. Finkbine.....	
Emma Lorimor Lewis....		Belle Vinnedge Drake....	
.....	1879	Pauline Bryan .....	
Carroll C. Mills....	1892	Margaret Mills .....	
Blanchard S. Towne	1893	Oliver Thompson .....	
Mrs. W. E. Ballard..	1887	James S. Clarkson...1866	
Mrs. Add Hepburn..	1860	Anna Clarinda H. Clark-	
W. E. Ballard.....	1887	son .....	1868
Clinton L. Nourse...	1878	At Playford Hall.	

Many others who could not be present sent their congratulations and good wishes. Some got away without registering.

## EARLY CITY SETTLERS PAY RESPECTS TO F. M. MILLS.

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It Was Fifty-fifth Anniversary of His Advent in Des Moines—Interesting Event at Chas. Finkbine Home.

Old settlers rejoiced and were glad yesterday, as became them on a beautiful Sabbath day, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Finkbine on West Grand avenue. It was an opportunity extended by Mrs. Finkbine to greet her father, Mr. F. M. Mills of Benton Harbor, Mich., who, with Mrs. Mills, is visiting his children in Des Moines. Mr. Mills has given up a week in his busy life to celebrate two important events in his career—a birthday and the anniversary of his first advent to Des Moines. The former places him at the age of discretion, anyway, while the latter runs back to April 10, 1856.

Mrs. Finkbine moved the celebration of the last-named event forward one day to better suit the convenience of business men, who were free on Sunday to cultivate the social amenities. “Twenty-five years ago” was a mere drop in the bucket to most of those present. It fairly warmed the cockles of one’s heart to see the ties of half a century renewed and rekindled.

There were “old settlers” and “early settlers”—a differentiation nicely discriminating when once explained. Judge T. T. Morris, who will celebrate his ninetieth birthday shortly, came to Des Moines in 1855

and just enjoys the distinction of being an "old settler." It does no harm to mention in passing that Judge Morris followed his sprightly share in the delightful occasion by walking with his son, Supervisor Frank Morris, from the Finkbine home at Thirtieth street all the way to the business district. Among the "early" settlers was Mr. Simon Casady, who was heard to declare he arrived at the home of his parents, Judge and Mrs. P. M. Casady, in 1852, without any act of his own volition. It will be seen there is a distinction with a big difference between "old" and "early."

A guest book was a conspicuous feature of the day. Everybody was asked to add to his name the date of his initial bow to the little settlement at the forks of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers. Probably the earliest date was affixed to the name of L. H. Bush, 1848. The little friendly rivalry between the "old" settlers as to the oldest record diminished in geometrical progression among the "early" settlers, another subtle line of demarcation setting the one apart from the other.

There were several "fifty-fivers" and others of remote date to assure Mr. Mills that "auld acquaintance was not forgot." Among the many noted who confessed to a time when the memory of man runneth sluggishly, were Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wellslager, Mr. and Mrs. Tacitus Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tuttle, Mr. Louis Harbach, Mrs. Electa A. Ives, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Robertson, Mrs. S. Jennie Phillips, Mr. George McCain, Mr. F. M. Hubbell, Mr. Michael Drady, who was in the first city council with Mr. Mills. Mr. C. W. Keyes, Mr. J. J. Williams and Mr. Seth Graham.

### No "Old People" Present.

The marvelous part of the affair lay in the fact that there were no old people present. "Young and chipper" they all were putting old Father Time to rout in any claims he might make owing to his monopoly on the days, months and years. It was a day of "sweetness and light," in which the declining sun cast no shadows to dampen its cheer.

Among the children of the guest of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Finkbine, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mills, Mrs. Ethel Love, Mrs. Edmund Tompkins of Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., Mr. Roger Mills and Mr. Carroll Mills of Benton Harbor, Mich., and his nephew, Mr. Pleas J. Mills, and Mrs. Mills, who flitted here and there in hospitable greetings to the callers, who were steadily coming and going from 4 to 7 o'clock. Refreshments were served in the dining room by the Misses Anna Finkbine, Ruth Mills, Katherine Chase, Marjorie Love and Margaret Mills. American Beauty roses in the parlors and yellow Jonquils in the dining room were the floral decorations.—Daily Capital April 10, 1911.

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On Wednesday evening, following the birthday reunion at the Chase residence, the party was dined at the mansion of Pleasant J. Mills, where the places at the table were found by early photographs of the participants. Some of whom had hard work to pick themselves out. A great fund of amusement was had in the effort.

A pleasant evening of reminiscences and jollity followed. On Thursday night all were entertained at Chas. A. Finkbine's, as they had been on Sunday previous at Dan R. Mills and at lunch on Monday with Ethel.

## SOCIETY IN THE EARLY DAYS.

In the early days in Des Moines everything almost was in a crude condition. The only public way of traveling was by the Western Stage company's coaches or mud wagons. When I came to Des Moines there were still some Indians on the western border of the state. There were herds of elk in the northwest and within the present limits of the city you could go out occasionally and bag a deer, and the howl of the wolf and the yelp of the coyote could be heard of nights. Notwithstanding this, society was on a high-toned basis. There has never been since a better class of people, a greater proportion of educated, cultured people than there were then. A large number of young men, largely just from college or law school, some just married, came to the new capital in the West, drawn here by the location of the land office, and the opportunity to buy and sell and locate the rich lands of Iowa just opening for settlement, and to hang out their shingles as lawyers, land agents, loan agents, surveyors, etc. They were a fine lot of youngsters. Amongst them were J. S. Polk, Sam Elbert, afterward governor and supreme judge of Colorado; F. S. Tittle, afterwards governor of Wyoming; Dave Moffatt, who recently died, the great banker and railroad magnate of Denver and multi-millionaire; H. C. Nutt, later a great transportation manager; H. S. Stansbury, son of the governor of Ohio; Lovell White, long a banker in Des Moines, who married one

of Des Moines most noted belles, Laura Lyons, and is now one of the most noted financiers of San Francisco Dandy Stewart, many years a U. S. Consul at Antwerp, who married another of Des Moines' belles, Kate Woodwell; Andrew J. Stevens, the handsomest man ever west of the Mississippi, who married another of Des Moines' beauties. Rose Hoxie, who is now Mrs. Hoyt of Portland, the prominent society woman of that city; George O'Kell, the Irish wit and society pet, who married Mary Teasdale, the beautiful brunette daughter of John Teasdale, editor of the Citizen; then there was Van Buskirk, a dandy with brains and money; splendid Bob Lusby and Alex Talbott, the favorite beaux of the Fort; B. F. Allen, Hoyt Sherman, John Mitchell, who was later a prominent member of the bar and judge, who married pretty and petite Becky Anshutz; Billy Woodwell, Hub Hoxie, Des Moines most astute politician, who was afterward Gen. Dodge's right bower in building the Union Pacific railway and after that Jay Gould's chief and who was the president of more western railroads than Jay Gould himself.

Then James G. Savery, who did so much to make Des Moines a city and his wonder of a wife who, starting with scarcely the advantages of a primary school education, made herself probably the best educated woman in Iowa, even taking a course in the law department of the state university; beginning by ordering through our book store text books of all the grade schools and through all the courses, bringing a governess to coach her through the higher branches and topping it off by extensive traveling all over the world. The governess afterward married the successful lawyer, Thos. F. Withrow.

Judge Phillips, L. Harbach, W. H. Lehman, S. P. Ives,

Dr. Potter, C. W. Keys, Billy Woodwell, F. M. Hubbell, the two Hussey boys, W. S. Pritchard, Ad. Hepburn, Alex Woodward, George M. Hippee, Judge J. H. Gray and Judge Ellwood, D. O. Finch, Byron Rice, John McWilliams and soon after John A. Kasson, C. C. Cole, S. V. White and others. A large part of the above named early business and professional men of Des Moines rose to distinction, some of them acquiring fame and fortune. They all made as fine a lot of young people as ever stacked up in one frontier town. There were brains, talent and tact in the combination and society was exploited as well, perhaps better, than at any time since. The married ladies were high class and the young ones were dazzlers.

The bankers were B. F. Allen, Hoyt Sherman, Ira Cook and A. J. Stevens, who soon succumbed to a lack of funds and the failure of the Agricultural Bank of Tennessee, which he was exploiting. His place was taken by Callanan and Ingham, who came out from Albany, New York, and who afterward became great factors in Des Moines and Iowa financial and business affairs.

The merchants were Billy Moore of the Hoosier Store, Halsey Lovejoy, R. W. Sypher, Jonathan Lyon, and B. F. Allen his partner; A. Newton, James Crane and Woodward & Hepburn, while Stacy Johns and your dad were the shoe dealers and Laird Bros and John McWilliams dispensed groceries and Geo. McCain was his head salesman, though but a pretty curly red headed boy. George Hippee and Dr. Baker and Charley Goode dealt out drugs. Practically all the business was done on Second street. The river and ox teams was the means of transportation for supplies. Judge P. M. Casidy, M. M. Crocker, D. O. Finch, W. W. Williamson were the principal limbs of the law and Squire

Bryant was the principal adjudicator of local troubles. Judge McFarland wore the judicial ermine somewhat bedrabbled, dispensed wit, wisdom and justice mingled with unique profanity and tempered according to the amount of whiskey he had aboard.

Taken altogether they were a fine lot and it is doubtful if there has ever been as much talent in the business and professional life of Des Moines since unless it is right now. With all these newcomers there were a sturdy lot of pioneers who could hold their own with the best of them. The two Doctor Grimmells, Ed Clapp, Wiley Burton, Tom McMullen, Tom Mitchell, James Jordan, the Griffiths, Joe, Harry and Smith, Dr. Brooks, Alex Scott, Jonathan and Harrison Lyon, Capt. West, Col. Hooker, Esquire Morris, Wesley Redhead, Col. Spofford and others. Barlow Granger, Will Porter and Will Tomlinson.

And these great apostles of righteousness, Thompson Bird, J. A. Nash, Dr. Peet, Ezra Rathburn, Father Brazil and later Dr. Frisbie. To these six faithful ministers and missionaries, Des Moines owes more for its moral worth than to almost every other influence.

There were the Dr. Grimmells, Dr. Whitman, Dr. Davis, Dr. Courtney and Dr. Windle and Dr. Dickinson who left as an allopath but returned in a couple of years as a homeopathist and won success and renown.

The old settlers were rather jealous of the newcomers of '56 and the next two or three years, after which immigration ceased until after the war. About 1868 I thought it would be a good thing to get up an old settlers' association, so got busy through the Register and called a meeting at the Des Moines House. When the meeting came off, for some reason I was unable to be present. The old boys fixed the time limit for charter members as the first of January, 1856. As

I did not arrive until about the 10th of January and did not move to the place until the 10th of April, that left me out, and I confess it did not interest me very much after that. However, they allowed any one to become a member after fifteen years' residence. I will do them the justice to say that they always seemed to consider me an old settler and never failed to call upon me when a subscription was necessary for any purpose and on the occasion of my 25th wedding anniversary they complimented me with an elegant tea and table service of silver.

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Having brought the sketch down to the present time, I leave it with you for what it is worth, regretting that it is so incomplete.

I print a number of letters in the appendix hereto, which I happen to have with me, which I think will interest you together with some family genealogy and sketches.

For the loving kindness with which I have always been treated by each and all of you I am deeply grateful. I hope the family spirit will prevail with all and that we will remain a happy and united family in the years to come, and that good health, happiness and prosperity may be your lot.

Paternally and affectionately,  
F. M. MILLS.

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## APPENDIX.

I append to the foregoing sketch of the family, several newspaper articles and some family letters from which further information can be gleaned that will be of interest to you and your children and their children after you.

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## THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

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**Interview With Mr. John Mills—From Kentucky to Ohio in 1796—The First House Built by Civilized Man in Greene County—Mr. Mills the Only Man Now Living who Ever Lived in It—Other Early Settlers, and a Miller Who Could Not be Controlled—Calico as High-priced as silk, yet the daughters of Pioneers Would Indulge—Trial for Murder in the Primitive Courts, and Interesting History Connected Therewith—The First Court and Whiskey Badly Mixed—A Long Life of Happiness and Success That Began in the Depths of the Forest Primeval.**

Xenia Gazette 1879.

Hearing, one day last week, that the venerable Mr. John Mills, of Jamestown, was in our city visiting at the residence of his son-in-law, T. J. Lucas, we called on him there to have a talk about old times, and we gathered from him some interesting history which we think will instruct and entertain our readers.

Mr. Mills has been in and about Greene county longer than any man now living. His mental faculties seem still to be unimpaired and his physical vigor remarkably well preserved. His memory of recent occurrences is nearly as good as of things that happened in his early life, showing a wonderful tenacity and vigor of mind. To be able to grapple with the affairs of the living present, as well as remember the things

of the dead past, is a condition rarely to be found in old men.

Mr. John Mills was born in Mason, now Fleming county, Kentucky in 1794. In April of the year 1796 his father, Jacob Mills, in company with John Willson and his three sons, Daniel, George and Amos, emigrated to what was then the North Western Territory, settling in what is now the S. W. corner of Greene, the North of Warren and the S. E. corner of Montgomery counties. Mr. John Willson having purchased a half section of land in Greene county, his sons George and Amos, a quarter section each in the same, while Daniel had a quarter section in Montgomery, and Mr. Mills had a quarter section in Warren county, all adjoining. Upon surveying Mr. Mills was given all the surplus land in his section, making his purchase 200 acres instead of 160. This party of sturdy pioneers came first to their purchase by themselves, to set things in shape for living, leaving their families behind in old Kentucky. They did some little clearing but not much, as the land was densely timbered and stubborn to yield to cultivation, planted some corn, beans, pumpkins, etc., built a small log cabin on the lands of John Willson which was the first one built by civilized man in Greene county, and Mr. Mills is the only person now living who ever lived in it. They then returned for their families, crossing the Ohio river with them at Mt. Washington, now Cincinnati, where was a battalion of the soldiers of this section, engaged in the last Indian war that occurred near here. Their families and effects were conveyed in one wagon drawn by an ox team, and on arrival all five families moved into one little cabin until other houses were built, by the joint labor of the men.

The Willsons were the first settlers of Greene county

and Jacob Mills the first this side of Lebanon in Warren county. At or near Lebanon Ichabod Corwin, father of Tom Corwin, "the old man eloquent," had settled the year before. The part of the county where the Willsons settled was called the Willson settlement for many years. And John Willson was one of the sturdy men of sense who framed Ohio's first constitution. The Willsons and Jacob Mills took hold of the difficulties that confronted them with strong hands and brave hearts. They were upon good ground and near good water, but in the heart of a dense forest, where giant timber resisted their efforts to an extent almost beyond endurance, and they must have failed to conquer had they been compelled to depend upon the soil alone for subsistence so long was it before they made clearings enough to sustain them, but the country thereabouts was full of game of all kinds, such as deer, wild turkey, etc., that could be killed at their very doors, thus furnishing their meat, and that of the most nourishing character. And so they were enabled to clear up and establish humble yet comfortable homes, where now are beautiful farms under perfect cultivation.

In the following spring, John Vance, father of Joseph C. Vance to whom Mr. Mills went to school, settled where Belle Plaine now is, and shortly after Owen Davis, Gen'l Benj. Whiteman, Col. Maxfield and John Paul, settled on Beaver Creek where Harbine Station now is, and where Davis built the first mill ever built in Greene county, near the site of the present one.

Shortly after this another settlement was formed a short way above the Davis mill on Little Beaver creek, by Thomas John, John Webb and John Kizer, John Webb being the grandfather of Mr. Mills.

In 1807 Owen Davis sold his mill to Jacob Smith, and moved to where Clifton now is, and built the first mill there on the sight of the present one. In those days the mills only ran two or three days in the week, as there was not grain enough raised in the county to supply them, notwithstanding men came 40 or 50 miles to the Clifton mill.

Mr. Davis often started up and ground grists on Sabbath, for those who came a long distance. At one time the religious neighbors protested, and threatened Mr. Davis with prosecution, at which he told them that if they took any steps in that direction or made any more such threats he would not grind another grain for them. This settled the question. There was nothing more said, the absence of meal or flour from their homes was a more potent influence than their compunctions of conscience.

In 1809 Mr. Jacob Mills moved his family from Warren to Greene county, again settling in the woods, near Clifton. Mr. John Mills was at that time about fifteen years of age. Here the father and his three sons, Jacob, Dan and Thomas, again went to work and cleared a farm enduring the exposure and hardships attendant upon such a life with patience and cheerfulness. They were often in company with Indians who inhabited the country or came here on hunting excursions. Wolves, deer and other wild animals were plentiful, in the vicinity but neighbors scarce.

Jacob Mills was elected Major of a militia regiment while he lived in Warren county, it being the first ever organized in the state. He was elected justice of the peace in Miami township and served in that capacity for nine years, during which time he married more people than any justice in this part of the state. He lived to be 80 years of age and died in 1850. His

wife, Mary Mills, survived him nine years, being 89 years of age when she passed away.

In the fall of 1809 young John Mills came for the first time to Xenia to attend singing school, taught by David Wilson, Daniel Wilson's oldest son, and held in the court house then bright and new, since replaced by the present one. The young ladies in attendance were mostly in home-spun dresses, but partly in calico which cost more per yard than summer silks do now. There were at that time not more than twenty-five or thirty houses in Xenia, all log, but one frame dwelling and the court house which was brick. In front of where the 2nd National Bank now stands there was a pond, in which the geese and ducks were swimming and the hogs wallowing. Opposite the court house Major Beatty was keeping tavern in a hewn log house. Up Main street where Trinity church now stands Mr. Barnes, grandfather of the Barnes boys still living in Xenia, had built him a log house in the woods. At a later period of the year Mr. Mills was in Xenia and saw a man selling cider in front of the court house at  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents per quart. He had a fire built on one side of a big stump then standing in the street. As the cider was so cold that no one could drink it he would draw a quart and put a round hot iron in it, which he kept heated for the purpose, so as to make the cider palatable.

In the spring following Mr. Mills came to Xenia, as did nearly every one else in the county, to attend a murder trial that was going on in court. The case was that of Wm. Catrell, of Miami township, who was accused of murdering the new-born babe of Jane Richards, his wife's sister. Catrell was supposed to be the father of the child, and he and its mother were both indicted for murder, the mother having had her trial

and been acquitted. Mr. Mills remembers this trial distinctly, he remembers hearing the testimony of a young girl who swore that the child was taken out one cold night in November and thrown into the hogbed where it was found the next morning dead. The murderers supposed that the hogs would eat the child but they did not, and their crime was exposed for which the offended justice of the state laid hands upon them. At the conclusion of the trial the prisoner was found guilty, but was granted a new trial, and remanded to jail, but escaped punishment by the occurrence of what was then called the "sweeping resolutions" which practically abolished all courts in the state for a year, thus setting at liberty the first man ever tried for murder in Greene county. Mr. Mills remembers that Francis Dunlavy, of Lebanon was on the bench, and that the prisoner escaped through the "sweeping resolutions" but what they were he could not exactly remember. According to the records the jury that tried Catrell was composed of the following citizens: Joseph Burrows, John McCully, John Mack, Noah Haine, Samuel Lamme, John Marshall, Samuel Galloway, John Stevenson, Joseph Wilson, James Stevenson, Basil Bentley and Stephen Conwell. Their verdict was "guilty." The clerk, Josiah Grover, had entered it up "not guilty" and had defaced the word "not" by running his pen through it, making a very ugly record—for the prisoner at least. But there could be found no record of his having been tried again; or anything further done in the case. Upon the records we found a blank of a year in the court proceedings but no line of explanations any where as to the "sweeping resolutions" spoken of by Mr. Mills. Here was a mystery no one knew anything about, yet upon the records of the court there was

evidence of its having been. Men conversant with "Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio" did not think anything of the kind was to be found there. Upon inquiry among the lawyers and others supposed to know we could find no one who could tell us anything about what the "sweeping resolutions" were. Finally happening upon James Scott we learned that it was a resolution of the legislature whereby all the judges were deposed from their seats, in many instances being taken therefrom by the sheriff under directions from the governor, but further than this Mr. Scott could give us no information. Pursuing our researches farther still we found in the 1st Vol. Chase's Statutes contained in the extensive library of Hon. R. F. Howard, where the legislature of 1809-10 had passed a series of resolutions justly deserving the term "sweeping," to which the reader is referred, among which we found the resolution that caused the lull in the judiciary of the state and which set Catrell at liberty. The constitution of the state provided that judges of the supreme court, presidents of the common pleas bench and their associates along with various state officers should have terms of seven years. The first legislature had filled all these offices, but many of them had been made vacant by death, resignation and otherwise, and the vacancies filled by appointment and the persons thus placed in office were claiming the full term of seven years. The term for which the offices were first filled being about to expire, the legislature disposed of the question by declaring in a resolution, that the offices before mentioned were all vacant. And further than this we could get no information from Chase's Statutes. From Mr. Mills and Mr. Scott we know that there was confusion and trouble over it, that was not

straightened up for a year, and during that time there was no court in Greene county, as the records also show, but an accurate history of the details we were utterly unable to find.

The first court held in Greene county was in a log cabin, occupied by Peter Borders for a tavern, situated near where Harbine's Station now is. The court was composed of Francis Dunlavy, president, Wm. Maxwell, Benjamin Whiteman and James Barrett, associate judges. At the meeting of this court Peter Borders obtained license to keep tavern, as it was then called, but meant to sell whiskey, which he did, in the same room where court was held. Thus the first court room was also the first whiskey saloon in Greene county. History says this term of court was in session three days, the records showing that about all the business transacted was the licensing of Peter Borders, Archibald Lowry and Griffin Foos to keep tavern. Peter Borders paying four dollars for the privilege. Mr. Mills remembers that the court and the whiskey got badly mixed and that there was a general melee, in which all hands took part, in the old fashioned way. This may explain why there was but three days session, a point upon which history is silent. There was but two sessions of court held at Peter Borders. Afterwards Xenia was made the county seat, having to contest for it with a little town called Pinkney that had sprung up near the present site of Trebein Mills with the hope of being made the county seat. There is not now one timber left upon another of this once pretentious little town. Mr. Mills saw it when there was still some three or four buildings standing, though they were then roofless, windowless and tenantless, the lonely and decaying monuments of a disappointed ambition.

Mr. Mills was not in Xenia from 1810 until 1812 at which time there were some soldiers stationed here. He described the town as having grown wonderfully during that time, frame houses had gone up, and nice stores started, among which was the store of James and Samuel Gowdy and everywhere money was plenty. "It was just such times as we had during our late war, but oh, look out for the hard times that followed," said Mr. Mills. "Men talk about hard times now, but they don't know anything about it. Then the very highest price of labor was from fifty to seventy-five cents per day, and could not be obtained at that by a great many, while every thing you bought was from ten to twenty times higher than now." The material of the shirt Mr. M. was married in cost one dollar per yard and was not so fine as the one he had on when we talked with him, the material of which cost but nine cents per yard. Salt, having to be hauled from Cincinnati, three or four barrels making as much as four horses could pull over the new roads, was \$4 per bushel, calico from 62 cents to \$1 per yard, coffee 50 cents per pound, tea \$3 per pound and sugar 32 cents per pound. Mr. Mills was married at Clifton in 1816 to Miss Elizabeth Stevenson, the daughter of Wm. Stevenson, a Kentuckian, who was a cousin to the father of Col. Stevenson. He remained about his father's farm working and doing whatever became necessary until 1820, when he moved to some land he had bought in Fayette county, just over the line from Greene. He first went there with two or three men to assist in building a cabin and getting things ready for his family. They went into the woods two miles from any habitation and camped out doing their own cooking and was there until they got ready to take their children to their new home. They moved on

sleds, the snow being about two feet deep. The next day after their arrival, while at dinner, a large flock of wild turkeys walked up to their cabin door and Mr. Mills took down his gun and killed a very large gobbler. The woods around the cabin abounded in game of all kinds. An occasional bear made its way into the vicinity and wolves could be heard howling at all hours of the night in the winter season, and now and then a human like scream of the panther wailed dismally through the forests. Wolves sometimes approached within a hundred yards of the house, after lambs in day-light. Thus situated in the depths of a primeval forest, two miles from any neighbor, surrounded by the dangers of frontier life, and confronted by years of labor to perform and privations to endure, Mr. Mills gathered his little family about him and went cheerfully to work to build unto himself a comfortable home. What work he there performed and what patience exercised, it is hard to conceive, yet when we asked him to tell us about the hardships he endured, he laughed and said: "Oh I never had many hardships, not like some men, at any rate. True, I've done a great deal of hard work, but I don't call that a hardship, neither do I call it hardship that I saved what I earned by hard work. When I sold my place, a few years ago, I was worth a clean \$25,000." Mr. Mills lived on this farm fifty-five years during which time he and his wife raised nine children to be married, the youngest child being the wife of our esteemed citizen, T. J. Lucas. They had twelve children in all, three of whom died in infancy. Mrs. Mills died in 1875 at 81 years of age, after a happy and successful married life of 59 years. After her death Mr. Mills sold his farm which is now occupied by Mr. Abner Carpenter and moved near Jamestown where

he is now living with one of his sons-in-law, Mr. A. M. Bryan.

On Saturday week, Mrs. Robert Stevenson, the last of Mr. Mills' sisters, died in this city, at the good old age of 80 years having lived in Greene county for more than 70 years. He has one brother, Dan, living, or supposed to be, out west, from whom he has not heard in some two or three years.

We would be glad to give more of Mr. Mills family history, but our space forbids. Our talk with him was but a short one, and only a fractional part of the interesting instances of early life in Greene county, within his memory, has been told.

## LETTERS FROM UNCLE JOHN MILLS AND OTHER RELATIVES.

Jamestown, Green Co., Feb. 13, 1875.

Dear Brother:

I seat myself to answer your kind letter that came to hand in due time. I was glad to hear from you. Elizabeth is gone. She was taken sick on the 26th of Jan., and died on the 3rd of Feb. She took cold. She had become very feeble; the system was worn out. As to health, it was better for the last ten years than it had been for many years before. My health is good, I have no reason to complain. I have to break up house-keeping and go and live with some of my children. I have eight living, four girls and four boys. There were seven of them to see their mother die. Joel is in Oregon on the Willamette river. My son John is here with his two boys. He lives in Johnson County, Missouri. He owns a farm there of 95 acres with 70 acres in cultivation. Brother Thomas died last September; for a year we did not hear it, till in the winter. Uncle Elisha Webb and Aunt Polly died last summer. We have had no particulars about their deaths. Uncle John Webb was living the last account. Brother, my mind is failing. You will see by my letter. I have gotten hard of hearing. I do not hear common talk about the house, to understand it. I have no satisfaction to go to meetings. I suffer a good deal with pains in my shoulders and arms, although my health is good. I read and write without glasses. The Lord

has blessed me with plenty in my old days. I own the old farm of 217 acres, with a pike through the lane. We have over three hundred miles in Fayette Co., that has been mine, or ten miles made off of place; mine is worth \$70 or \$75 per acre. I have about seven thousand dollars owing in notes and U. S. bonds and do not owe a dollar to any person but my girl. I will owe her five or six dollars when I break up; my sale is the 23rd of this month. I will come to close. I expect I have written more than you can read. So no more at this time, but remain, yours affectionately,

JOHN MILLS.

Dan Mills.

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Jamestown, Green Co., June 19, 1879.

Dear Brother :

I seat myself to answer your kind and welcome letter, that came to hand in due time and found me as well as common. I will try to answer your request as well as I can. I will commence with Grandfather Mills. His foreparents were Welch. I know nothing about them; he died when I was small; his name was Thomas; Grandmother Mills's maiden name was Mattie Phillips. She came from Wales when young. She had 13 children, 7 boys and 6 girls, all lived to get married. Aunt Anna Wilson was the first that died. She left 7 children. Grandmother Mills had one brother, Joshua Phillips and Aunt Lettie Davis had but two children, Katherine and Lewis. I will now commence with the Webb family. Our great grandfather Webb was a rich lord's son in England. He was stolen and brought to America and sold. The loss of him grieved his mother to death, in a short time his father died, shortly after his mother. There is a large fortune there for the Webb family, but they cannot prove their kinship.

Grandfather had one brother and one sister. Banker Webb's father was all the brother I ever heard of. Aunt Sarah Bowen was his sister. Grandmother Webb's maiden name was Rachel Davis. I have never heard of any brothers. She had two sisters, Aunt Huldah Caronts and Aunt Molly Stevens. Grandmother Webb had nine children, five boys and four girls, all dead, but Uncle John. I was at a surprise dinner at his house the 7th day of May, '78—his 85th birthday. There were about 75 at the dinner. It was a surprise to him, I knew it, but he did not. I got a letter to that effect, they met me at Troy and took me out there. I believe I have given you all the accounts that I know for certain. I heard father and mother often talk of Uncle Thomas Pindle and Aunt Hannah Liewwellen, but which side they belonged to I do not know. I will send you some accounts of the first settling of this county. I met the reporter of the Xenia Gazette. I send it to you. You can make what use you see proper of it. We had twelve children, five boys and seven girls. One boy and two girls died when small. We raised nine to get married. Our daughter, Margaret died in '51; Sendah died last September, the 22d, in Osage City, Kansas; my son Thomas lives on the land I gave him. He is poor. He has a great deal of sickness, lost two wives. His last wife's doctor bill was \$160. Martha lives near the old place, Rachel in Jamestown. I am living with Maria, as well situated as I could expect to be. They have two girls at home. Mary lives in Xenia, Jacob lives in Jackson County, Oregon, John lives in Johnson County, Missouri. He is doing well. Some of my children are well off, some are poor. I have given them thirteen hundred dollars apiece in the last six years. I have sixty-six grandchildren, if not more. There are several dead. I have

got tired of writing, you must excuse my bad writing,  
as I don't write much. I close by asking you to write  
soon, but remain, Your affectionate brother,

JOHN MILLS.

Dan Mills.

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Green County, Ohio, Sept. the 3rd, 1882.

Dear Brother:—

I seat myself to write you a few lines to let you know I am still living and enjoying good health for a man of my age, near 88 years of age. I keep my horse and buggy yet and drive it 10 and 15 miles to see my children. Have got hard of hearing. I can't hear common talk. I don't go to meeting. My eyesight has failed so I can't see to read in the Bible more than a short chapter. Maybe you can make this out. You will see by my letter my mind has failed and I will have to quit and get my grand-daughter to finish it.

All your mother's children are dead but you and I. I have seven children living, four girls and three boys. One son in Missouri and one in Oregon.

Money is plenty. Wheat from 95c to \$1.00, corn 75 to 80c, butter 18 to 20c, eggs 15c. I have given all of my 7 children (and two children's children) \$1,500 apiece and have kept \$7,000 for myself. I want (if Brother Dan is dead) the one who gets this to write to me. Direct to JOHN MILLS,

Jamestown, Greene Co., Ohio.

From John Mills to Dan Mills.

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Clifton, Ohio, March 9, 1905.

Dear Cousin:

Your kind letter of the 2nd inst. was gladly received and I take this opportunity to answer. Was glad to

hear from you again, and I owe you an apology for not answering your former letter, at that time. You asked for a copy of the record of Grandfather Mills' family, but some of Uncle John Mills's family have the Bible (likely Maria Bryant) and I kept thinking I would go and see them, but have not done so yet. I will try and do so soon if possible. But I will give you what information I can, in regard to the relatives in this part of the country. Commencing with Uncle John's family; he has been dead for a number of years. There are living so far as I know, Rachel McCalipp, Maria Bryant and Martha Torbet, all near Jamestown; of the Conwells, Samuel Xenia, Nancy Littles, Elma Conwell, Caroline of Cedarville and the last heard of Mills Conwell was in St. Louis. And of our own family, my oldest sister Sarah lives here near me. She will be 80 in July. She has six children, living, four boys and two girls. My brother William (a bachelor) in California, (Ventura County) with my youngest sister Letitia Kiler. She has six children, four boys and two girls. While my own family consists of my wife and four children, three girls and one boy.

Of Uncle Thomas's family, we have heard nothing of them for more than 30 years.

I can give you no information farther back than Grandfather Mills. He was not a soldier. He and Grandmother, before they were married, lived near each other (about a mile apart) one in Pennsylvania, the other in Maryland. Moved to Kentucky and from there to Ohio.

Grandmother was of Welch descent. Farther than that I know nothing. We are all in good health as are all of the friends so far as I know.

You spoke in your letter that perhaps within the

year you might make us a visit. We would all be glad to have you do so and will try and have you see all the friends.

Hoping to hear from you soon again, and with love from all to all, I remain as ever

Your Affectionate Cousin,

DAN BAKER.

Cedarville, R. D. No. 2.

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Xenia, O., R. R. No. 2, Mch. 9, 05.

Mr. F. M. Mills,

My father, A. M. Bryan, rec'd a letter from you and requested me to answer for him.

They have no information any farther back than you already have, but Mrs. Mary Lucas has the old family bible, she lives in Xenia, O., with her son-in-law, J. C. Conwell.

There are two of Stephen Conwell's children living in Xenia, Samuel Conwell and Elma Gowdy, and one at Cedarville, O., her name is Caroline Wilson. There are two of the Bakers at Clifton, they are Sarah Wilson and Dan Baker.

My mother Maria (Mills) Bryan is living. She will be 80 years in June and father will be 82 the 11th day of May. They are on a visit to me today, about six miles from their home. They drove here before 9 o'clock, so you see they are spry for people of their age.

Father says, let them hear from you occasionally. They are glad to get letters.

Yours,

Luetta Little.

Salem, Ore., April 11, 1905.  
(326 Liberty St.)

Mr. Frank M. Mills,  
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Cousin:—

Yours of April 2d received. We were very glad to hear from you. Papa has asked me to write too as I have for years done all the writing for him except business letters. We have remembered our visit at your dear home in Des Moines, Iowa., with a great deal of pleasure. You remember Roger was a small boy but so wideawake. Now in regards to the history of the family. Mr. Webb, who was our state treasurer for a term of years, but died several years ago, also his wife, while making his home in Salem. President Hayes visited this coast and was in Salem. Mrs. Hayes, who was a cousin of your father and mother was also a relative of his. He had the history of their ancestors for five hundred years. He also said that the Mills, Webbs and Westfalls and later on the Wilsons was the most closely connected. And in a book I used to own of the history of noted women of which Mrs. Hayes was one of them, it stated that she was a Westfall, and Pa thinks that his Grandmother Mills was a Westfall. Mr. Webb has two married daughters and I think we could learn more of them than any one else. Mrs. Stephen, of Pendleton, Oregon, is one of his daughters, and if you or the children wish me to do so will write to her. Her mother was an intimate friend of mine. Mr. Webb was a very nice man. Of course, Pa has been out here away from all his relations for so many years that he knows but very little about them. He has two nephews and this one in Salem (P. C. Hawley) Lydia Wilson, his sister's son, and one of his brother Louis son's, Owen

Wilson, and my husband are all that are living on this plain of consciousness now. When we visited your place we visited a great many other relatives. Saw many fine looking young people. One of your father's cousins, and also a cousin of Mother Wilson, Letitia Lee, is now living in Seattle, Washington, with her daughter, Mrs. Thompson. Mr. Thompson is called the silver tongued lawyer. And Frank Lee, one of her sons, is running a paper in Portland, Ore., a farmers' paper, I think it is. We are living in the same place and same house that we were in when you were in Salem. Salem is having quite a rapid growth the last few months. I hope you may find time to come to the Lewis and Clark fair and make us a visit. We are expecting a great many visitors to this coast this summer. With kindest regards for both yourself and wife.

John Q. Wilson born May 18th, 1828.

JOHN Q. and SARAH A. WILSON.

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Bushnell, Ill., July 17, 08.

Dear Cousin:—

I received a letter from an old time Bushnell man, a couple of days ago, who lives at Jackson, Mich., Mr. Geo. Fritz, an old friend of mine, in which he mentioned that he knew you and you lived at Benton Harbor. I had thought I "had you lost" as I had not heard from you since you were contemplating a trip to Cal. I knew also you went to Salt Lake, too, but never have been able to locate you since you lived at Springfield, Ill. My cousins are getting very scarce and I don't want to lose any of those who are still living. You know of my sister, Mary Armstrong's death. I think last year my sister, Louisa, died. She was 76 years old. Melissa is yet living at Adel, Iowa. Jo Otterman, her husband has become an invalid and

is in a pitiable condition. Melissa was looking quite well last October, my wife and I were there to see her. Harriet Cogswell, the sister next younger than I, lives at Friend, Nebraska. Mrs. Henriette Morton, Uncle Lewis' daughter, is the only one of that family living. She is at Macomb. She had a slight stroke of paralysis and is partially paralyzed. Ann Graham is the youngest of Uncle Reuben's daughters and is the only one living, she lives in Los Angeles county, Cal. I disremember the town. I have not been able to learn whether any of the Anderson boys are living, but I think not. If your sister, Mary, is living that leaves only seven in all of a whole regiment of cousins left. I will be 70 years old if I live until Jan. 8th next. Am well and hearty, and do a little practice yet. I have three children, Mary 26 unmarried, does the book-keeping for Bushnell Pump Co., and just as fine and bright a girl as my sister Mary was, whom you will remember well. Curtis Cornelius, 22 the 15th of this month, is a graduate of the state university and is at Chicago working as a draughtsman for the Ill. Central R. R., room 1000 10th story of 12th street station. If in Chicago call on him. He has been there a year and has not gotten over being homesick yet. He is a boy anybody would be proud of. Beverley Kemper will be 15 years old is with us, and my wife is the best woman on earth, barring none. I would like to have you come and see us. There is to be a reunion of the old boys of Thorntown, Ind., on the 3rd and 4th of Aug., which I hope to attend. I was there on a like occasion two years ago, and it was a great success. J. L. Caldwell, of Lafayette, Ind., cousin Ella Tiberghin's son, after I had told him of our grandfather's army record, also made the discovery that at about the close of the revolution he was with Geo. Rogers Clark in

the Indian wars. If you should go through there stop and see him or write him he is a fine gentleman. I would like to hear from you, but still better like to see you. Love to your family.

Your cousin,  
E. K. WESTFALL.

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Bushnell, Ill., Oct. 17th, '92.

Dear Cousin:

Your letter received this A. M. I sent it to Mary, who may be able to fill the blanks better than I can. My information is only tradition, but what I do know is just as my father told it. Much, I have no doubt forgotten. I know no other names farther back than Grandfather. However, his father, with two brothers, was the first importation. Our ancestors settled in Virginia. Another brother settled in New York. The other went to Louisiana and was never heard from. It was not known whether he went back to Europe or died. We do know that all the Westfalls who spell their names that way, came from either the New York or Virginia branches of the originals. I have met N. Y. Westfalls who have the same tradition as to how the three brothers came to emigrate and where they settled. All "Westphals" are more recent importations. The tradition is that in the old country, which was then divided into little principalities—Dukedoms—I think. The ruler of one of these, Westphalia, was the senior member of the Westphals, who was a regular tyrant and often used the power given him by his position to deprive subjects of life or liberty. The three brothers got up a rebellion in an attempt to overthrow the tyrant, but were ignominiously defeated, and had to leave the country to save their lives—or for the good of the country, as my father sometimes

put it. I have often heard father tell of this and also that the tradition in the New York branch of the family was identical. I do not remember of father telling of his grandfather. Nor do I remember of his speaking of any relatives of his except his Uncle, William. I think he went to where Dayton, Ohio, now is, and made a farm in the woods. My father, when he became of age went there and rented some ground in his clearing and put in a crop of corn. That winter I remember he told, while father was gone to Virginia, on a collecting tour for some former residents of that state the stock ate up his crop. Father taught the first school ever taught in Dayton. I know a Dutchman once who said he had a history of the Westfall rebellion in a Low-Dutch book. And gave me the same story I had heard from my father. Your brother Webb had commenced a history of the family and had made some progress in it. Do you suppose it was lost? An interesting item connected with the early history of the Westfalls in the country is the fact of their living on the extreme edge of civilization, in Tygarts Valley, Randolph County, Va., now West Virginia. A chain of forts four or five miles apart, for the protection of the citizens was built along the valley. In these forts the whole population lived during the spring and summer months. The farms were worked by parties who were constantly guarded by armed parties. Thus they went from one to another until all was done. In winter they removed to their farms, the Indians not venturing to come across the mountains when snow was on the ground as the settlers could track them back and punish them for their depredations. Grandfather was captain of the fort where the town of Beverly stands. I think father was born in that stockade. Sister Mary has a good memory and can give you

many items. Yes, Harrison will carry Ills. easy, and will be elected. Take time and make us a visit before we all die of old age, can't you?

With kindest regards,  
Your Cousin,  
E. H. WESTFALL.

## LETTERS FROM BROTHER J. W. MILLS.

Hardscrabble, Apr. 21, 1901.

Dear Frank:

Have owed you a letter for some days. Excuse: Work and indolence. Sallie has gone to church and the hired boy has gone to see his uncle. We have 20 cattle—any one of which could jump up over the moon, or crawl through a rat hole—if there was devilment on the other side. The pasture is short, and the adjoining wheat tempting, so they have to be watched. This is why I am writing this on scratchpaper, out in the pasture.

About our ancestors: All I know is my recollection of conversations heard when I was a small boy. Uncle Cornelius was much inclined to talk of early days and I think Kemper must have stored a goodly quantity of "folk-lore." Uncle C. was a well-educated man. A civil engineer—did a good deal of government surveying in the first part of the century.

I feel interested in Dan's horse business. Will he get the management at Buffalo? He writes well on that subject—something that all horsemen can't do.

Come down and make us a visit—you and Netty—and look up the business prospects. We received the picture all right—you make a fine looking old gentleman, as for myself, I have sworn off on pictures, though Sarah practices on me when she gets a chance. I tell her she must be making illustrations for a book on tramps, or grangers.

Fruit prospects are good so far, but there is nothing in it but just having it—can't sell it, and if one ships it, the Rock Island Ry. eats it all up.

Our best love to both of you.

J. W. MILLS.

Kingfisher, Ok., April 7, 1909.

Dear Frank:

Today I will ship you by express the picture I promised.

Six months now since Sarah died—the void she left in the home is as keenly felt as at first. I am all alone.

I don't know that I ever heard Gt. G. Father W's name. Grandfather had a brother Joel. His father must have been too old for war at time of revolution. He was most likely Cornelius—they were Dutch people.

I think Thos. M. was G. G. to us. Our family of Mills's was of the Kentucky and Virginia stock.

Grandfather Westfall moved to Kentucky some time in the latter end of the 18th century. Came down the Ohio, out of the Monongahela in pirogues, with quite a number of followers. They went up the Kentucky river, then Salt river, where they settled. He was made a justice of the peace there and held the office long enough to be high sheriff by virtue of being the oldest justice. He had held the same office in Virginia for the same reason. Must have lived in Kentucky about twenty years—perhaps more. Mother was born in Kentucky. I think they moved from there to Miami County, O., about 1810. Uncle Cornelius had preceded them there. I think he went there as a surveyor.

All I know about ancient family history I absorbed when a small boy in the country, from hearing mother

and father talking over old times; and listening to Grandmother W. tell of old times, and occasionally hearing Grandfather tell about Indians, and life in the woods, when he was young.

Amanda was born Sept. 11, 1827. Died May 30, 1876.

Sarah Bryan, born June 16, 1837, and died Oct. 8. 1904. I know nothing of the Jewell pedigree. Benjamin Jewell is hunting it all up. Sarah's father's great great grandfather was an Irish squire named O'Bryan. He had to get out of the country for lese majeste, and came to America. Her mother is of the Webb's stock of Virginia.

The Webb's you name were undoubtedly of Grandmother Mills's ancestors. She had a brother John, who was father's favorite of all his kinsfolks. I have seen Great grandmother Webb. She was a small active old lady, was a widow. She officiated as a midwife. Was at my advent, and sister Mary's. I never heard anything about her husband. I can tell but little about Grandfather Mills' moves. He moved from Ky. to Ohio, but I know nothing of the date—whether before or after his marriage with Mary Webb.

I thought the part of the little old bible might please Dan. Leave the big one to any Mills you want to. You need not return it to me.

Sarah had one picture taken, lately. I shall overhaul the albums and pictures soon, and will send you the best I find. I will send you one of the pictures she painted not long ago. It is a landscape, looking across the Des Moines river, just above the 6th street bridge, from the picnic ground—before the bridge was built.

I want to go to Des Moines, this spring, if I can get away, but the prospect is not good now.

Give my love to Nettie and the little folks.

Yours as ever,

J. W. MILLS.

Hardscrabble, near Kingfisher, First Sunday  
after full-moon, March '99.

Dear Brother:

Your letter should have been answered sooner, but it is time to "put in the crop" in this country, and writing takes time as well as plowing and feeding, to say nothing of the necessary laziness engendered by following the plow, an occupation that is not one bit congenial to my general normal condition of looking for a place and time to rest.

We have no flower seeds, or any other kind save those that produce horse and hog feed. We are strictly utilitarians. The hot, dry weather of summer here makes flowers a thing to be produced by only scientific culture. Last season was a good year for corn here, and I have a good crib full yet, and a good lot of Kaffir corn. Our horses are all fat, and we have about 600 lbs. of good fat bacon in the smoke house, and wheat enough for bread until after harvest. Fruit prospects are good now, but there are many days yet when we may have frost or hail.

I had a letter from Roger a few days since. I guess he is the coming man of the family. There are a number of Mills' in prominent positions, I notice, but none of them of our tribe—none famous either among our ancestors or their posterity. You say you told Roger that you never knew one of the family with \$1,000 when twenty-one years old—you might have added, and but very few at any age. Grandfather Mills, in

his prime, was in fairly good circumstances for the time. He was a major in the military (militia) and a justice of the peace in civil life. When they were married he gave father and Uncle John each 80 acres of land out on Rattle Snake Creek in the "big woods" a few miles from where he lived. Uncle John always stayed on his, and finally got more land and some money. Father did not like his place and sold it, and lived awhile in the school house on grandfather's place—then moved to Lost Creek, near Troy, and lived on a farm belonging to Uncle Cornelius, in the same yard with Grandfather Westfall, a year or two, and then moved to Indiana in the fall of 1827. I remember the place as well as if it was last week. The two log houses, the creek through the barn lot, the spring and milk-house—it was a pretty location. Father owned three horses. One was a big rusty-bay gelding, Charley, a good black horse, and Drumbones, a small, bony, ugly little tackey; one black cow (you may remember) and two heifers, and a spotted dog, (was my dog). Before starting to move he took the two best horses to Dayton and sold them; then hired an old man named Sears, to move him to Raccoon, in the "New Purchase" in Indiana. Grandfather Mills came to see us before we started to move, and when he left gave father a good bay mare (Kate) for little Drumbones. Arrived at our destination father selected his 80 about a mile from Uncle Reuben's (as pretty a piece of land as ever laid out doors, big walnut, sugar tree and shellbark hickory trees, a good spring, Raccoon Creek running across one corner. I recollect every part of it), but, alas, he did not have the \$100 to buy it (no homestead land then), and the beautiful mare had to be taken to Crawfordsville and sold to make out the necessary amount. A wife, two

children, 3 head of cattle, and an axe, 80 acres of land in green woods! He built a cabin 14 by 16, and in the spring bought a colt, 3 years old, of Wash. King, gave him a note for \$40; and, I recollect it was a long time before he could pay it. We lived in the cabin 3 years and then built a better house in which you were born. Then sold that place and entered another 80 where we lived until '35, then moved to town. Webb was born at the latter place, and here I am sure I saw you enjoying the happiest occasion of your whole 68 years of life. I say happiest because all the most exquisite happiness of more mature years has some alloy or some unpleasantness or possible care or anxiety, or unaccomplished accompaniment mixed with it. But when a three year old boy is happy in the possession of all he wants—what he has hoped for and begged for—he is happy. You had been wanting breeches, like Jake, so you could ride straddle behind him when he went to water the horses. Well mother made them for you and in the evening put them on you, with gallowses. You run and jumped and got on a stump and hallowed and laughed, and was happy without anything to mar your pleasure. You slept with them on and mother could never get petticoats on you again.

You want me to tell you all I know about our ancestors. All I know is what I heard talked of when a child in the country—when I heard but little and saw less. Back in the 40's and 50's I could have learned a great deal that I would like to know now; but then I was wrestling with my own present, and not thinking of the lives and doings of my unknown ancestors. I have a vague recollection of a story that the first Webb was stolen when a boy, from some town in Wales, and sold to a ship Captain who brought him to America and sold him to pay his passage, as was

very common two centuries ago; and there was a tradition of a family fortune in the old country. Now you have all I knew of the ancient Mills'.

Grandfather Westfall was a pensioner. He was a Captain in the Revolution. He got his first pension money the winter before you were born. I remember father went after it for him. He had to go to Corydon, that was the Capital of Indiana at that time.

Sallie has a kodak and is making home pictures, when she can get time from cooking, sweeping, setting hens and feeding the cats, the new dog and the pigs, besides mending, writing her club essays and keeping her church books. I had to stop writing a while ago to drive the cattle out of the wheat-field, and she stopped me to get a picture of me and Sunday (the horse). Says she will send you a copy of it.

You compliment me on my writing. Well, I might be flattered by it if I did not recollect that you wrote Tac. Hussey, telling him he was a poet! So I am persuaded that your judgment of literary ability is not first class, and it don't make me feel like writing a book.

[J. W. was full of sentiment but he had no appetite for poetry. Prose (of the best sort) was good enough for him.]

I forgot, in the proper place to say that in 1828 or '29, father was elected justice of the peace for Scott township, beating John Graves by a good majority. He was re-elected four years later. He was very popular with the young men. He was jolly and full of fun. Went coon-hunting with the boys, always did his share in all neighborhood needs and charities, had a lance and bled all the sick folks for miles around, (bleeding then was the universal remedy for all cases of sickness) and could quote Burns almost entire.

Uncle Reuben's boys (four young men) called him "Uncle Dan," to the end, as you know. You don't remember mother as she looked in those days. She was always neat and orderly, wore her hair curled, had rosy cheeks, and in short, was a very pretty woman.

I like to think of the old days—they were not days of bountiful plenty, but they were young days. There was not much to see or hear, so I remember it all plain as yesterday.

But the cows have got into the wheat again. I must get them into the corral, and mend the fence, if it is Sunday.

Sarah joins in love.

As ever, ,  
J. W. MILLS.

"Hardscrabble, near Kingfisher, Ok.,  
April 6, 1902.

Dear Brother:—

Yours of the 13th ult. received. It was the first letter from you in months. Glad to see that you are still doing business at the old stand, and hope you may be able to come out "sole proprietor" of it yet. Glad to learn that you are all well and hope you are happy in its possession, for that is about all there is that is good.

I think Roger does well to start in business. Lumber, like iron, is a sure thing if intelligently handled. As he has brains and industry he will succeed.

The paper from Dr. E. K. W. is very interesting. Grandfather was a Captain in the revolutionary war—had command of a fort—Beverly, I think. (What I know is from hearing him talk when I was a small boy.) He drew a pension as a captain. In Indiana he lived in a cabin in Uncle John Anderson's place, where

he died in March, 1835, and was buried in the graveyard on Uncle Dave Swank's place, on the bluff across Raccoon, from the mill. Grandmother, after his death, was taken to Thornton, and lived with Aunt Polly Tibberghin until she died in the fall of 1841. She was taken to Raccoon and buried alongside of grandfather. I doubt if there is anyone living now who could point out their graves. We had a little brother buried there. He was next older than you, was 4 weeks old. It was one of my plans in Indiana, when matters promised well, to erect a suitable stone for our ancestors, and one for the little boy, but, like many other good intentions it did not get accomplished.

Sarah is not well this winter and spring, years and too much work. I am well and fat, for me, but I can't accomplish much work now—I am too slow, don't get around lively, and have a good appetite for rest. The best of our land is rented and in wheat, but there will scarcely be a half-crop. The excessive dry weather cut off the corn and hay crop last year, and made feed for stock scarce. Our cattle are so poor that all the meat on the lot would scarcely make a good meal for a coyote or a buzzard. The trees are green and fruit trees in blossom, but many of our trees and vines are dead. With much love to all of you. Sarah sends love.

Your brother,

J. W. MILLS.

Kingfisher, Sat., April, '05.

Dear Frank:

I have yours of 12th. It finds me blue and not very well for want of exercise, I guess, that I can't take on account of rheumatism in my hip. What used to be my comfortable home is home no longer—it is simply a place of desolation—a graveyard of wrecked hopes

and disappointed expectations. I can't get used to this half life I lead—the one that made existence a pleasure for an old man is not in the home, and it is not. I am living without an object, no one to need my help, or to help me in time of need. I look 'round and see things that should be done, then comes the thought, who for. I am much interested in the history you have found. I thought grandfather was older than 80 when he died. He died of paralysis—was never conscious after taken—only lived 4 or 5 days. He went to Vincennes—there was quite a company went, several Westfalls and Kings, I think one of grandfather's brothers and some nephews. Grandfather took none of his family, he was gone several months and went back to Kentucky disgusted with the Wabash country. They had much sickness, the Indians stole their horses and cattle. Some of the Westfalls remain on the Wabash, and some of them moved up into Montgomery county. They lived down near Alano, were mother's second cousins. I saw them at Crawfordsville.

If I had the skill and strength of 40 years ago, I would like to go up and take a hand in your R. R. building. But my hands and my head have done their life's work. As soon as I can sell I will go to Des Moines and from there to see you, if possible. I want to see Mildred and Carroll again. I like them so much—they have a warm place in my heart. I wish I could see them every day, they fill my beau ideal of what children ought to be. With much love for all of you, I am as ever,

J. W. MILLS.

Sunday, April 23, '05.

I wrote the foregoing a week ago, and then forgot

to mail it. While looking up ancestors would it not be well to plan for posterity? Grandfather Westfall was either justice or high-sheriff in Virginia and Kentucky for 40 years; Grandfather Mills was a justice of peace as long as he would have it; father was justice or judge as long as he would be, commencing at 27 years old. You and I are past the time now—our Dan nor P. J. not in that line. Now you must fix Carroll up for a lawyer, get him into that way of reading and thinking while he is yet a boy. Lawbooks and the court opinions are interesting reading when one gets started at it.

My chance for selling don't seem good. I am afraid I will be a fixture here in "this neck of the woods."

If you go to Des Moines this summer I will try to meet you there.

As ever,

J. W. MILLS.

Kingfisher, Ok. Ty., Jan. 24, '05.

Dan R. Mills,

Des Moines, Ia.

Dear Nephew:—

Your kind, hearty, sympathetic letter was received by me sometime since, and came like balm to my lonely home and sorely troubled heart. I am still here in my once genial and comfortable home, now all desolate and lonesome for me because its good angel has left it forever; the home she had helped in to build up and make a pleasant retreat for our old age.

My business and property were, and are, in such condition that I cannot leave it without much loss and destruction, which would leave me in bad shape financially, so I have to stay with it until I can sell it.

Now you will "wonder what Uncle Jake has sent

me this little old ragged pocketbook for." Your Grandfather Mills bought it when a boy, and always had it until about 25 years ago, he gave it to me at the time of one of my visits to him at Jefferson. I remember it when he used to carry it when I was a little boy. I don't think it ever was burdened with any big roll of money, but I never saw him have any other when I lived at home. The old receipts in it are relics of life in Crawfordsville, Ind. Your father will recollect some of the names on them. I send it to you because of my understanding that you like such old family things, and I am liable to die when it would be lost. It must be 85 or 90 years old. I understand you make your business pay. There is always money in stock business for men who understand it. Get money ahead for old age—an old man without money has a poor show.

Your affectionate uncle,  
JACOB.

## J. W. MILLS.

(From the Iowa State Register)

Jacob Westfall Mills was born Oct. 15, 1822, in Miami County, Ohio, near Troy, moved with his parents to Montgomery County Indiana near Ladoga, about 1829, and to Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1836. He learned the printing business here and went to Greensburg, Ind., when about 21 years old bought the Greensburg Repository in connection with Orville Thompson, and conducted it for several years. When he was 22 years old he married Amanda Jewell, of Madison, Indiana. About the year 1848 he sold out his paper and became identified with the Indianapolis & Cincinnati railroad, then just beginning to build. He acted as right-of-way manager, then accompanied the surveyor, superintending construction until the road put on its first passenger train, when he was installed its conductor, afterwards promoted to train master, then Asst. superintendent, then superintendent and assistant to President Lord. Later he was put in charge of construction of a new line and given management of the company's affairs at headquarters in Cincinnati. While occupying this position, he with his brother, F. M. Mills, in 1866, bought the Iowa State Register from F. W. Palmer, and early in 1867 moved to Des Moines where he lived until 1892, when he went to Kingfisher, Oklahoma, as postmaster, having been notified by wire, from Mr. J. S. Clarkson then first assistant postmaster general, that he had been appointed, and the necessity of the government having responsible officials on the ground

the day of the opening. He was not an applicant for that or any other office and was reluctant to accept the position and to leave Des Moines, but did so on Mr. Clarkson's urgent solicitations. He held the office under President Harrison, and until near the close of Cleveland's term. In the meantime he had secured a farm near the city upon which he made him a home. It is a handsome place on an elevation commanding a view of the city. He took great interest in this place and with his own hands planted and cultivated successfully almost all varieties of fruit.

He was married July 2, 1844, to Amanda Jewell of Madison, Ind., who died in Des Moines, May 30, 1877, after a long siege of invalidism. Their children, Mrs. Janet Sheldon, of Des Moines, Mrs. Ella Beeks, of Pasadena, California and Dan F. of Albany, N. Y., are living. His only other child, John Jewell, having died in infancy.

In October, 1878, he married Mrs. Sarah Bryan Parker, of Greensburg, Indiana, an old family friend. She died a year ago in September. Mr. Mills was not well at the time of her death, and has been ill most of the time since, and for several weeks was confined to his bed, gradually losing his strength, and finally peacefully and painlessly passed away on the 28th inst.

J. W. Mills was one of those modest, unassuming men who are satisfied to do their duty and to do what they can for the comfort and benefit of those with whom they are thrown, but he was a man of great capabilities, and never tired in working for the interest of the community in which he lived. When the Civil war broke out he was anxious to enlist, but he could not satisfactorily pass the surgeon's examination. Afterwards he was drafted but refused to plead his immunity and paid \$1000 for a substitute. He took a great in-

terest in his representative, doing much for his comfort but the fellow proved to be unworthy and afterward deserted.

On coming to Des Moines, being known as a railroad man, his experience was called into service, and the narrow guage road to Ames—now the property of the C. & N. W.—profited by his active work in their organization and building.

The working force of the Register, and of Mills & Co., were under his charge and no man ever had the love and confidence of his co-workers and associates more than did he. His strong sense of right and justice endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He was an able writer and did a good deal of editorial work that others received credit for, but he made it his business to see that the work went forward promptly and correctly. He made the Weekly Register his specialty, not only edited it, but himself made up and put to press every issue of the paper, an example which the late Richard Clarkson adopted and kept up as long as he controlled the Register.

Though actively engaged all his life in important business and public enterprises he never sought any official position. He was one of the commissioners appointed by the president to inspect and accept the Union Pacific railroad from the contractors, and was postmaster at Kingfisher for some eight years, but was not an applicant for either place.

J. W. Mills was the oldest son of Hon. Dan Mills, who, after honorable service on the bench in Indiana, came to Iowa in 1856, locating in Jefferson, Greene county, where he practiced law and opened up a farm. He was a member of the state board of education from its organization. He died in 1887 at the age of 87. J. W. died at Kingfisher in 1905 at the age of 84.

## **MILITARY RECORD OF COL. N. W. MILLS**

Entered the military service of the United States in the war of the rebellion May 4th, 1861, as 2nd Lt. Co. D., 2nd Regt. of Iowa Infantry, having been in 1860 captain of the Wide Awakes in the Lincoln campaign and 2nd Lieut. in the Capital Guards, a local military company, with Gen. M. M. Crocker as captain. Webb was promoted to captain by election by the company on June 1st, 1861, Lt. Colonel, June 1st, 1862, and Colonel, Oct. 8, 1862.

Regiment was organized at Keokuk, Iowa, and entered into the U. S. service May 27, 1861. Left the state for Missouri June 13, 1861; attached to 3d Brigade District of S. E. Missouri July, 1861, to Feb. 1862; to 1st Brigade, 2d Div. Army of Tennessee and District of Corinth, Dept. of the Tennessee to Oct. 1862.

### **His Service.**

Railway guard duty in Missouri on the Hannibal & St. Joe Ry. to Oct. 2d, '61; expedition to Chicasaw, Oct. 2d to 12th, at St. Louis thereafter 'till Feb., 1862;

Regiment moved to Ft. Donelson, Tenn., Feb. 12, 1862; investment and capture of Ft. Donelson, Feb. 14, '62, where the regiment won the honors of the battle and headed the column which marched into the fort at the capture and heralded in the order of Gen. Halleck as "The Bravest of the Brave." On duty at Ft. Donelson until March; moved to Pittsburg Landing March 5 to 17th; prominent figures at Battle of

Shiloh on April 6 and 7th, where they bore the brunt of the "Hornets Nest" engagement, and where Col. Mills won special mention for his gallantry. With the advance on Corinth and its occupation on May 30th, and duty there until Sept. March to Inka Sept. 18 to 22d; Battle of Corinth, Oct. 3d and 4th, where he was mortally wounded in the last charge made in the battle just as the enemy broke and fled. He died in the hospital there on Oct. 12, from wounds received in action. Taking the colors from the standard bearer and in front of the column he was an easy mark. His father, Gen. Hackleman, in command of the brigade, was killed on the first day of the battle.

His medallion is on the soldiers monument near the capitol and was one of the first selected.

#### Honors from Des Moines City Council.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 22nd, 1862.

Capt. N. W. Mills.

Dear Sir:—I am happy to inform you and your brave company that I have been directed by the city council of the City of Des Moines to send you the following resolution which was offered by Alderman McTygh and unanimously adopted by said council at a special session held in the council chambers on the 27th day of February A. D. 1862, viz:

"Resolved, That we, the city council of the City of Des Moines, Iowa, do hereby tender a vote of thanks to the Second Infantry Regiment of Iowa Volunteers and particularly to the Capital Guards of this city (being company "D" of this regiment) for their heroic bravery at the storming of Fort Donelson on the 15th day of February, 1862, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Col. Tuttle of said regiment and Captain Mills of company "D".

As a resident of Des Moines and a citizen of the United States, I feel proud of your valor and glory in your success and while I cannot deny that I envy your fame, I pray that the mighty God of battles may enable you and your brother soldiers to gain brighter victories in conquering your enemies and the enemy of our country, and that all of you may soon safely return to that "no place like home" is the sincere wish of

M. H. KING,  
City Recorder.

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#### Acknowledgments.

The sketches of the three Mills brothers printed in this book were written for the Register by Hon. L. F. Andrews, who was for years superintendent of the printing department of our business. A capable man of large experience, who has been a life-long journalist and has held several important public positions. Mrs. Andrews is herself a fine writer and a leader in social and club life; is an original Daughter of the Revolution. Their son Frank Mills Andrews, is a gifted architect of New York City, who has constructed several state capitols, many fine club houses and hotels, and now engaged in building the largest and finest hotel in the world on Broadway in New York City, to cost \$13,500,000, 25 stories high, in connection with President Taft's brother Charles and other capitalists. Also a New Arlington hotel in Washington City.

## HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS SECOND REGIMENT AND COLONEL N. W. MILLS.

(In the Iowa State Register by L. F. Andrews.)

A pioneer of Des Moines and one of the most notable citizens was Col. Noah Webster Mills.

He was born in Montgomery county, Indiana, June 21, 1834. His early education was acquired in the common schools and a printing office, the best schools, supplemented by diligent study, reading, and a course in Wabash college, the expenses of which course were paid by work done in a printing office. Soon after leaving college, to secure more healthful exercise out of doors, he joined a civil engineering corps for several months, and later took a position with the Adams Express company. Imbued with higher aspiration, while making his trips over the routes with that company, he spent his leisure moments reading law, for which he had a strong attachment, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. In the fall of that year he came to Des Moines, his elder brother Frank M., having preceded him, and engaged in the boot and shoe business. The town was surfeited with lawyers, and he therefore abandoned his legal intentions and started a small job printing office, the first of the kind in the county, on Second street, near Barlow Granger's Weekly Star office, Frank Allen's bank, and the law offices. The power used was a muscular arm or leg to turn the fly wheel, steam engines not having come into use. The trade of merchants had not reached the poster stage

and Woodward & Hepburn, dry goods dealers, gave him the first hand-bill turned out, and also the first printed in Des Moines.

Soon after opening his printshop Frank disposed of his boot and shoe business, and formed a partnership with him under the name of Mills & Co., which subsequently became one of the best known firms west of Chicago. The two made a good team. Frank was a perfect bundle of force and energy, and was the outside business booster. N. W. being of rather retiring and modest disposition, but a printer of skill and good taste. If you asked which was which, you would be told "That short one over there is 'Frank,' that taller one over in the corner is 'Webb,'" as employes and everybody differentiated them.

The town was growing rapidly, both were very popular, and their business kept pace with it, so that in 1859, at the southeast corner of Third and Court avenue, a three story brick building was necessary for it. A flat bed Adams press for book printing, a good one but slow, and an Alligator job press, so-called because it worked like the jaws of the amphibian, to the danger and loss of fingers of many operators, were put in. Machinery and equipment for bookbinding were also added. The first book printed was the "Civil Code of Iowa," compiled by John A. Kasson, which was soon followed with the publication of the Iowa School Journal.

In the campaign of 1860, to elect Abraham Lincoln, President, Webb took an active part. He organized a large company of "wide awakes," and burned an immense amount of kerosene oil in torchlight processions.

In 1861, when the secession of the southern states had commenced, and the president issued a call April

12, for 75,000 volunteers to serve three months in suppressing it, believing it could be done in that time, to Iowa was apportioned one regiment. The state had no militia laws, and no military organizations except some independent companies formed for good fellowship, street parades and Fourth of July celebrations. There was the Burlington Rifles, the Light Guards in Washington county, Governor's Greys in Dubuque, Union Guards in Columbus City, Burlington Zouaves, Mount Pleasant Greys, Council Bluffs Guards and Capital Guards in Des Moines, of which M. M. Crocker was captain, and Webb 2nd lieutenant. Those companies at once offered their services, to which was added enough men to fill two or three regiments. Communication with the war department at Washington was slow and very inadequate and before the governor could complete arrangements for the one regiment, cities in the eastern part of the state, in more direct communication with the government had filled the quota under the call, but before it got into the field another call for 300,000 men to serve three years was made, and to Iowa was apportioned six regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. Captain Crocker of the Capital Guards, who had been educated and drilled in military tactics at West Point, and also very active in an effort to secure the passage of a militia law by the legislature, at once pressed the formation of a regiment under the second call. It was organized as the Second though it was the first to enlist for the three year service, and Crocker was commissioned major. The company of Capital Guards of which Webb was second lieutenant, was made Company D of the regiment. It was mustered into the United States service May 28, when Gen. S. R. Curtis, an old Mexican war officer was made colonel, Tuttle promoted to lieuten-

ant colonel and Webb to captain. The advancement of the officers was remarkably rapid. In August, Curtis was promoted to major general in command of a division, Lieutenant Colonel Tuttle, Sept. 6, to colonel; Captain Mills to major, Oct. 4, 1861, and to lieutenant colonel, June 1st, 1862, and Oct. 9 1861, Major Crocker to colonel of the Thirteenth regiment.

The 13th of June it was sent to St. Joseph, Mo., where it was detailed to guard the Hannibal and Missouri railroad, and keep the peace between the conflicting secessionists and unionists in western Missouri, until the latter part of July, when it was sent to Bird's Point, where it continued to guard railroads and suppress the rebel element in Kentucky and Missouri, and suffered greatly from sickness. Of the 989 men mustered in but 400 were fit for duty when, in October, it was returned to St. Louis. The regiment arrived at Fort Donelson Feb. 14, 1862.

The year 1861 closed with great disappointment to the loyal people of the nation. McCollan, with 200,000 men, was corralled in warm winter quarters in Washington, nothing doing, with rebel batteries commanding the Potomac, the rebel front stretching across Kentucky and Tennessee, with fortified posts from Columbia to Nashville on the Cumberland and Mississippi rivers. At Donelson and Fort Henry were strongly fortified posts. In March, General Grant decided that something ought to be done. The capture of Donelson and Henry would open the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers into the very center of the confederacy, and the first week in February his army, irrespective of winter, was moving toward Donelson, through mud, cold winds, sleet and snow, in a rough, bad country, the men poorly clad, without tents, and on the 14th of February had his lines stretched around the fort.

The Second Iowa was assigned to Smith's division on the extreme left of the line. On the second day's fighting the rebels made an effort to cut their way out, having been driven back at every point, and the conflict was terrific. An assault on them was ordered, to be made by Lauman's brigade, in which the Second, at the left of the brigade, was to lead the assault, assisted by the Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa. When ready, Colonel Tuttle shouted: "Fix bayonets! Forward, without firing!" and, drawing his sword started at the head of the regiment over 500 yards of ascent, obstructed by the rebels with fallen trees with their limbs sharpened and long lines of rifle pits covered by the enemy. So soon as the Second reached the abatis, it received a storm of rebel shot, shell and minnie balls. Men and officers fell rapidly, but there was no faltering, and not a shot was fired until the rebel works were reached, and the men sprang over the entrenchments, when Colonel Tuttle shouted: "Give them hell, boys," and they sent a storm of bullets into the rebs, who made a stand for a stubborn pitched battle, but were quickly routed, and fled. Said Colonel Shaw of the Twelfth: "There was nothing in the history of the whole war that excels that charge of the Second Iowa." General Halleck telegraphed to Adjutant General Baker: "The Second Iowa proved themselves the bravest of the brave." Captain Mills received high commendation for bravery. During the night following that charge, the white flag was run up, meanwhile the Iowa boys were lying under arms, in the open air, without tents or blankets, cold rain and snow falling all the night. The next morning, Sunday, the 16th, after three days' fighting under conditions unparalleled, the rebs were drawn up in two parallel lines, their guns and knapsacks piled in heaps,

and the Second at the head of the column of victors marched between them into the fortress. And Donelson was in possession of the Iowa boys, the prize of their bravery and prowess. The battle gave the Second a national reputation, taught the tender-footed shoulder-strappers at Washington that fighting could be done in winter, and changed the whole method of army procedures. Thenceforward the faith and hope of the loyal people rested in Grant and Sherman.

The Second remained at Donelson on guard duty nearly a month, when it was ordered to move to Pittsburg Landing, where it arrived the 19th. In the battle of Shiloh, on the 6th and 7th of April, the Second, Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth were again brigaded under command of Tuttle, Lieutenant Colonel Baker commanding the Second, which was placed at the right the other three regiments at the left, extending into the woods, with a thicket in front. The enemy's line extended beyond both the right and left of the brigade. It advanced upon the brigade, but was repulsed. The fight was furious and deadly. Charge after charge was made by the enemy, but the line could not be broken. About 4 o'clock of the first day's fight, when the line of the brigade was being held successfully, and Tuttle thought all was going on well, and the enemy being checked, Captain Mills, who held the right of the Second with Company D, sent a sergeant hastily to Tuttle with a message that the enemy were passing his brigade on the right flank, and it was in great danger. "Did Captain Mills send you to me?" asked Tuttle. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then there must be something wrong, and I will report it to General Wallace," said Tuttle. A quick reconnaissance was made, and Captain Mills was found to be correct. A change in movements was rapidly made just in time

to save the Second and Seventh from capture. In the maneuvering, the Twelfth and Fourteenth were cut off and attempted to cut their way out, but were surrounded by an overwhelming force, to resist which meant death to every man. They therefore surrendered, and were taken captive. Thus was the brigade, which for more than six hours, irresistible as a rock, had held its position at a pivotal point in the great battle, was broken, winning high praise from General Grant, who was on the field. The Second and Seventh fought their way toward the river, repulsing every attempt of the enemy to check them, until darkness came and firing ceased. The next day, the Iowa regiments were held in reserve, and took no important part. On the first day, it was generally conceded the Iowa brigade saved Grant's army from capture.

After the battle had passed, Tuttle said: "Had anyone but Captain Mills reported that fact to me, I should have taken no notice of it. He is the coolest man in battle I ever saw, his watchfulness and valor is worth a regiment."

The next engagement of the Second was at Corinth, where it was assigned to Hackleman's brigade of Davis division, in front of which, at 10 o'clock a. m. Oct. 3, there was heavy fighting. The Second had a whole day of hard fighting, in which Colonel Baker was killed while making a charge. At the final assault of the enemy on the second day of the battle, to repulse which, Mills in command, having been promoted to colonel, when the order came to charge, springing to the front of the regiment, he snatched its battered battle-flag from the color bearer, and in the very face of the enemy cheered his men to the onset. In the charge, but after the enemy was routed, he was shot in the foot with a musket ball, which entered at the big toe joint and

lodged in the heel, from which he died at sundown Sunday evening, Oct. 12, of lock-jaw. In his last moments he wrote—he could not speak—“I am not alarmed if the danger is great. If this is fatal, it is my time, and God is wise and just. I am not afraid to die. In the army I have tried conscientiously and prayerfully to do my duty; and if I am to die in my youth I prefer to die as a soldier of my country. To do so as a member of the Second Iowa is glory enough for me.” In the first day’s battle General Pleasant A. Hackleman, father of his estimable wife, was killed. Had Colonel Mills been spared a few months he would have received the star and bars of a brigadier general.

As a soldier, he was brave as a lion; his patriotism was founded in sincerity and love of country. He realized the cost of it. There was never a thought of shoulder straps. The distinction he gained was wholly on his merits, and was remarkable, rising in less than seventeen months from lieutenant to colonel.

In civil life he was highly esteemed for his probity, kindness, geniality, urbanity, and usefulness. In business circles he had the implicit confidence of all who came in contact with him.

## IOWA'S FIRST BIG PRINTER.

(By L. F. Andrews in Iowa Register-Leader.)

One of the most active, energetic men who came here in the early days, and who impressed his individuality upon passing events, was Frank M. Mills. Small of stature, but a perfect bundle of restless energy and force, which permeated every political, social and business affair of the city, and the state—in fact several states—his sole idea seemed to be to make Des Moines the center of all territory west of the Mississippi, and in certain ways he succeeded very well. He was the head and moving spirit in what became the most extensive enterprise of its kind west of Chicago.

He came here in January, 1856, and opened a shoe store on Court avenue, between Second and Third streets, in a small wooden building on the north side of the street, and diligently sought the welfare of the soles of the people of the little town, but it was not to his temperament. He was a practical printer. His brother, N. W., ("Web" as everybody called him) started a small job printing office in the Gatling building, down on Second street, below Market, near the newspaper and law offices. Frank—everybody calls him "Frank"—soon quit his sole-caring business, joined his brother, and they made a good team for they were both hustlers and good mixers. It being the only strictly job printing office in town the business kept pace with the rapid development of events.

The first handbill printed—they didn't have presses nor type for poster printing — was for Woodward (Aleck) and Hepburn, (the redoubtable "Add"), dry goods merchants.

A few years later, a three story brick building was erected on Court avenue, adjoining the old well known Baker drug store at the southeast corner of Third and Frank began to spread out. He added an old fashioned Adams press for book printing, an "alligator" job press, which kept surgeons busy repairing fingers it chewed up, a caloric, or hot air engine, which wheezed and rattled like a threshing machine; was whimsical and uncertain as a mule; would often, when work was pressing, give a despairing groan, like a lost soul, and stop. Then the "devil" had to go for one or two stout natives of Ireland to turn the wheels of the presses until the "caloric" got over the sulks. There were no electric motors, few steam engines, and wood for caloric fuel was cheaper than coal. The Adams press did good printing but was slow, its speed being about five hundred impressions an hour. It was a very different outfit than its successors of today.

#### Made State Binder.

In 1858 Frank added another feature to his enterprise. He got into the good graces of the legislature, and was elected state binder. He managed to hold the place until 1867. In 1869 he was elected state printer, and re-elected in 1878 and 1880. So popular was he that it was a common saying that all he had to do was to ask for the office.

These appointments gave an immense impetus to his business. New machinery was purchased, and the establishment equipped to meet the demand. Blank

book making, book printing, lithographing, map making, wood engraving, stereotyping, music printing, a book, stationery and music store were added, and a large corps of men were put on the road, who traversed every county in Iowa and seven other states, and brought an immense amount of business to Des Moines, not only in their lines, but many side lines, for they were rustlers and popular. Of them I recall Cranston, Pelton, Norman, Blackmar, Dickinson, Ecker, Burns, C. T. Haskins, Charley Greene, and Bob Flynn, the last two, notorious jokers and exaggerated yarn spinners. They are all dead, I think. Will Lehman, still with us, who graduated from the music department, was cutting obituaries on head-stones to be set in Woodland cemetery, when Frank was selling boots and shoes, but the cemetery didn't populate fast enough to secure him a good living.

In book making Frank's genius inclined to law. The first book was "The Civil Code of Iowa," written by Hon. John A. Kasson. This was followed by fifty-six volumes of Iowa supreme court reports, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas, and several extensive books on special subjects by eminent lawyers, "White's Geological Survey of Iowa" in two costly volumes, the "Western Jurist," a law magazine, seventeen years, and in 1866 the first city directory, which contained 4,512 names. He personally prepared an index digest of ten volumes of the "American Turf Register," which is the standard authority among horsemen today. He employed the best talent he could find to edit his publications, as in all the business departments.

#### A Notable List of Employees.

The mechanical departments were occupied by 150

to 200 men and women skilled in their several duties, from whom have come down to the present time Lafe Young, Philo Kenyon, George A. Miller, Lewis Bolton, the Bishard boys, Bernard Murphy, state printer; the ubiquitous "Tac" Hussey, W. S. Welch, Ella McLoney, city librarian, and Charles Sheldon, now the celebrated artist and illustrator for a leading London publication, all but Sheldon taking their chances with the growth and prosperity of the town, and prominent in its business activities. Every Saturday, Frank was confronted with a cash demand for about \$2,000 to meet the pay roll.

In 1861, when the call was made for the Tenth Iowa infantry during the civil war, one Sunday, Hub. Hoxey, Wiley C. Burton, Judge Mitchell and Dr. Brownell brought Frank a commission as adjutant and earnestly solicited him because of his energy and popularity, to raise the regiment, another having attempted to and failed, on condition that he would not be required to go with it to the field, owing to the demoralized condition of his business, his brother "Webb," having as major and captain of the Capital Guards gone into the Second regiment, and taken with him nearly every eligible man of the establishment. Frank assented, and at once went to the task. After riding over the country day and night for several weeks, he secured the men, swore them in, subsisted them, and went with them to the rendezvous at Iowa City.

In 1866 Frank concluded there was room for further enlargement of business. An elder brother, J. W., for whom he had served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office, joined him in the purchase of the Daily Register, from Frank Palmer, late government printer. The lot on Fourth street, where the Munger hotel is, was also purchased. Father Bird's church torn down, and

the present four story brick erected, the Register removed thereto and his entire business consolidated therewith. The daily was soon enlarged—in fact, was enlarged four times under Frank's management. Palmer continued as editor one year and was succeeded by J. W., and a score of special writers. An early move of the management was to put new, young blood into the paper. Among the "type-stickers" was Ret Clarkson, Al Swalm and Lafe Young. They were assigned to the reportorial department, where they quickly impressed their individuality so distinctly it needed no confirming signature. Ret's forte was panegyrics and politics, in both of which he developed remarkable brilliancy. He soon became editor-in-chief, and one of the most important factors in Iowa politics, and with John S. Runnels and Judge N. M. Hubbard, acquired the leadership of "The Regency."

During Frank's management he instituted a series of descriptive sketches of the counties of the state, especially in the northwest, then uninhabited, written by Judge A. R. Fulton. The sketches were printed in the Register, accompanied with a map showing every unoccupied forty acres in each county, and set forth the inducement to home-seekers. The result was the immediate settlement of the whole region by an intelligent, sturdy people.

After four years' newspaper experience, the Register was sold to C. F. Clarkson and his two sons, Richard P. and James S. (Ret.)

In 1872 the Iowa Exposition company was organized and a three-story brick building 132x132 erected on Walnut street west of Eighth, to be used as a permanent exposition of the goods and wares of merchants, and manufacturers of the state, and also of curios and the State Horticultural society. A large

fine organ was put in and several exhibitions were given, but public interest waned; it was ahead of time; far out, and for several months was closed. That was Frank's opportunity. He bought the building, remodeled it, removed from Fourth street, and occupied it for a few years, when he closed his business. The building was sold and transformed into what was the Iliad hotel, and is now the Grand Department Store.

In 1873 he was elected city alderman from the Second Ward on purely local issues. He didn't want it, but had to yield to public demand.

During the forty years of his business activity here, Frank Mills assisted very materially in building the town in many ways. His books show that he paid as wages to employes while in business over two million dollars. He is now running a paper in Springfield, Ill., and building an electric street railway in Salt Lake City, but still claims this as his city.

## **CHART OF HAND.**

I am not a strong believer in palmistry, but an amateur lady palmist whom I met but once read my hand and gave a verbal interpretation of it and at my request gave me this written chart. I leave it to the reader to pass upon its correctness.

Life line shows a fairly strong constitution, a wiry nature, long life, to reach the age of between 85 and 90 years. You were quite ill once since you reached manhood, (I forget truly how the line looks almost.) A break, an illness, quite severe, a nervous breakdown occurs about 80 or a few years this side. A nervous temperament, great energy, have very high ambitions. Also keen judgment, good business capacity, shows banking business, a change to count the exact number. Married twice, both times very happily. Heart line shows a warm ardent and affectionate nature. Strong likes and dislikes. If a person takes your fancy on meeting you generally like them. Head always rules your heart. You have a wonderfully keen insight into human nature. A quick reader of persons. Temper, short and quick, if aroused; most generous to your own to indulgence; will give anything to them if appealed to in the right way. Great generosity, outside of the home, a man of kindly feeling and sympathy to his fellow man. A very determined man and will obtain what you desire and wish if at all possible to get it. A strong will, but will give in readily to one you love. You generally speak out frankly and openly

your mind; strong in your convictions. A man with a deeply religious spirit. Honor, honesty and truthfulness are very marked in your hand. Very neat and precise, as well as very thorough in all you undertake. A man of quite a good deal of sentiment, very fond of your home, like to have those about you, you love; and fond of having friends with you. You have many friends and never forget one you have had as such. You choose your friends carefully and do not like everyone. If you have an illness it generally comes from your stomach which is weak, caused from nervous trouble.

Your nature is pleasure loving, fond of music, poetical; the beautiful appeals to you whether in a painting, or in nature, or in a beautiful woman. I must not forget to tell you that you are extremely fond of the opposite sex. The heart line shows you have had several love affairs.

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### **SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.**

The May number of the Official Bulletin of the National Society of the Sons of the Revolution, notes that the South Dakota Society was organized at Sioux Falls, March 27, with the following officers: R. J. Wells, president; F. M. Mills, vice-president; T. W. Dwight, secretary; R. H. Requa, treasurer; Lucius Kingsbury, chaplain, and C. O. Bailey, historian.

## A LETTER FROM MR. CLARKSON.

Only the fact that this publication is intended strictly for circulation in the family justifies me in printing the following letter, and it is done to show the beautiful nature and character of the writer rather than the estimation in which he holds the recipient. I hope he will pardon me for making this use of it without his permission. I have no apologies to make to my own family, for I am sure each one of you would not forgive me if I did not print it.

New York, December 29, 1909.

My Dear Old Friend:

It seems like a breath of the old times, and of the old holiday times when we were all living together and were all so happy, to have a letter from you, and especially such an affectionate letter as the last one you sent me, and which I ought to have answered long ago, and would have answered except for my complete absorption in very active official duties. I wanted to put it off until I could write to you and say all I wanted to. As I cannot put it off beyond the new year, since I wish to extend to you and yours the best of New Years, I write you now and hope to have the time to make it all I want it to be.

On Sunday last, the 26th, Mrs. Clarkson and I celebrated our 42nd wedding anniversary. I got up early that morning, in a great snow-storm—the greatest New York has had in years—to go out to the florist stores to find some sort of a blooming plant that had

forty-two blossoms on it. I finally found an azalea that had forty-six blossoms and one bud. I took out four of the blossoms and placed the plant on her breakfast plate—with a blossom for each of the forty-two years that passed, and the bud for the forty-third year just inaugurated. The dear woman, who has a responsive imagination, as you know, actually thinks that a miracle was performed in this plant having just one blossom for each year of our married life and for the year to come. I have not undeceived her. Some fictions in life, as you know, are as sweet as facts—and sometimes even sweeter. You know about as well as anybody what this forty-two years means, and will remember about as well as anybody what a mere boy and a mere girl we were when we came back to Fella—after we had made a bridal tour to Chicago—and then to Melrose Farm, for I was then still in your employment, and you and “J. W.”—blessings on his memory always—were my best friends personally, as you were the greatest and most helpful friends I had ever made in life up to that time, or since. As I look back to those days, and over the years since, I realize more and more how much of gratitude and affection I owe to you for your kindness and service then, and for J. W.’s, who was less demonstrative than you, but just as faithful and just as true. I am sorry he is out of the world. I can remember so well, that I had finally concluded there was no place for me on the “Register” and had purchased a stage coach ticket to Denver, when you came to me and said that you and J. W. had bought the Register and wanted me for city editor, as you knew something of me and my capacity for work, and knew still more of my father’s record as an editor. You had faith in the stock and the blood. It was a fateful day for me when I decided

to go with you. I have often wondered what would have happened if I had instead gone to Denver. I was talking to Anna and the boys about this the other day, and I asked them what would have become of them if I had gone to Denver instead of remaining in Des Moines, and they gave it up as not to be answered. It was only another exemplification of how the mere straw at our feet may, and often does, turn the whole channel and course of our lives.

I remember with increasing gratitude the friendship we had from you and your wife. Mrs. Mills was fairly a god-mother to my wife; and everything in your family—the birth of your children and everything that happened to you as a family—interested us just as much as similar affairs in our own family. We never can pay what we owe to you and Mrs. Mills for the kindness shown to us when we were young and green and as yet friendless in Des Moines. In some way, and perhaps in some other life, we may find the chance to re-pay something at least of what we owe you. So far as this world is concerned, we have no chance to do so. I say this in response to your thanks for our showing some attention to your grandson and namesake who is now here—Frank M. Mills—a fine sterling boy whom we have all of us learned to love and admire. He is a shy, modest boy, but he has got the Mills blood and the Mills character, and we all believe he is going to make a record in his profession. One sweet thing about him is that every time he has a chance he talks to me about you and his grandmother, and I have been able to tell him a great many things that he did not know before, and you may be pretty sure that my report of you and your wife to him is never to your disadvantage. He has great faith in, and love and admiration for you, and has told me how

after you had financial reverses you went to work at an age when most men are retired from business, and won another fortune and in doing so won a double victory. He is the right sort of a boy, and you are going to have reason to be proud of him. We encourage him to come to the house frequently, and will have him at all our social functions of the Iowa society and other clubs with which we are connected. He makes a fine impression on all who meet him. At our first social function of the Iowa society, held at the Hotel Astor, where we had two or three hundred former Iowans present, he seemed to have the facility of getting rapidly acquainted and he made a fine impression on all who met him, and several of them invited him to their homes since. You can dismiss all fear as to this young gentleman. He is going to make his way and win credit, and be a pride to you all. His intense love of home and family are in themselves guarantee of a fine career on his part. He is proud of the name, and that is the best asset any young fellow starting out in life can have. When you have got a name that you have to live up to and work for, you have not only inspiration but necessity to compel you in all good ways and in all high paths.

I am much interested in what you say as to Roger Clarkson Mills, my namesake, now being a successful farmer. I believe that is the happiest of all lives, and I want you to congratulate him for me on his good sense in adopting it. Thousands of times in my long road through politics—now nearly fifty years long—I have often wished that I had remained on Melrose Farm. When I was there, the great big world was very attractive to me, and I thought that it held many things which a farm could not give. I have been through the world pretty well, and have found that

there is nothing in life which is absolutely sweet and lovable which cannot be found on the farm; and I have learned to know that there are many things which are unpleasant in the hurly-burly life of cities which never vex or harm you on the farm. After all, it is not what we need in this life that makes trouble and discontent, but what we want. On the farm you get absolutely everything you need, and on the modern farm, with the telephone, free mail delivery, and generally trolley lines added, the farmer has practically everything that the average man has in town or city. You will be surprised to know that I have a great hunger to go back to farm life, and yet not surprised, because I think you know so much of human nature that you realize that this is the natural desire in the natural man. Therefore, while I intend and expect to get in control of a newspaper within the next few months, I intend also to get me a home on a farm near the city in which this paper will be—which will probably be New York. I have several opportunities, and am now making up my mind as to which one I shall take. I know very well that when I assume charge of a newspaper again—and it will be one of great strength—that there will be no heart in all this land that will respond more in salutation and congratulation of this fact than your heart will respond and cheer. Newspaper work is my labor; I never ought to have left it. I made a great mistake when I left the "Register," and Des Moines. Yet, under the circumstances, with the two families growing up, one family had to take it, and as Richard was so much handicapped by deafness and other infirmities, and could not migrate, it was left for me to give it up because of my love for him. I ought to have bought him out at whatever price he asked—and it would have been large enough

to have made the rest of his years comfortable. But love controlled me, and I could not in my heart insist on his giving up the paper to me. So I became a wanderer and a "maverick." But I intend soon to stop being a gypsy, and to take a hand in public affairs once more. There never have been five as interesting and important years, politically, in this country as will be the next five years, including the remaining years of Taft's administration and the inauguration of the succeeding administration. The land is filled with restlessness and agitation, and almost revolution. Nearly every one of the basic policies of the government are being stormed for a change, and I think the most of them will be changed. Therefore, I want to be in the conflict and have a part in the combat. Still more than this, I want a newspaper to take up the great question of human rights in our American politics once more. I want to dedicate the rest of my life to see that the pledges of Abraham Lincoln, and the statutes enacted by the Republican party in behalf of the protection of the rights of all men, regardless of race or color, shall be faithfully enforced. As it is, the Republican party is playing the coward to Lincoln's pledges and its own legislation, and the negro in the south is not only being disfranchised of his vote and deprived of his civil rights, but he is rapidly being degraded into a system of peonage which is far worse than slavery ever was, or ever can be. So you can see I am alive to the conflict and armed for the muster; and you may expect to see a newspaper in my charge up to my old-time courage—and to an increased courage. Your name will be the first put down on the list as a life subscriber, and I can fancy how your face will look when you unroll the first number of it to read it; and can realize how everybody around you

will have to listen to the story of your friendship and mine over again, for I know you have always had the affection for me and the pride in my career that you would have had in a son of your own.

You speak of Springfield as an opening. I want a wider field than that, and I shall get a paper in New York, Chicago or Washington—most likely New York, with a possibility of having one also at Washington. I am offered the means to get both. Of course, my good old friend, it is a venturesome undertaking for a man of sixty-seven to take up the burden of work, and of such work as I always do on a newspaper—and as every editor has to do in order to vitalize his paper with power and infectious argument—but I feel I am ready for it and I hope you will live to see that my confidence in my success will be fully realized.

I could write you a thousand pages and still leave untold many things that you and I could recall in our long and intimate friendship. We have many ideas and many ideals alike, as to our duty in human life and human effort. I would love very much to have a good, long visit with you, and if you ever shall come to New York we will make room for you in our little home—which is as much a home as it can ever be in a flat. We are looking for a little farm near New York city, conditioned in its purchase on whether we locate here or in some other city. I have two splendid boys home, Coker, who is a fine business man, and now the general manager of the American Automobile Association of America, which represents two-thirds of the automobile factories in this country; he is a good business man and a good writer also. And Grosvenor Blaine Clarkson, who is a very brilliant writer, and one who is far superior to what I was at his age, and I think, too, superior to anything I have ever been or can be.

He is of slender health, which is his only weakness. These two boys will help me to man the paper. However, if necessary, I shall call Hal home from Montevideo, South America, where he has been for seven years, and where he is very pleasantly placed. One ambition I have in going back to newspaper work is to have a good property established for my boys. I have always felt that I failed in my stewardship of them in not securing them the succession to the "Register." If I had thought that Richard ever intended to let it pass out of his family's hands I would have insisted on purchasing the paper instead of selling my part to him. He made the mistake of many fathers in underestimating his sons. His two boys—John and Frank—were more capable to take up the paper after him than he and I were to take up the paper when we did.

But I cannot write all that I would; so I close, sending you a loving wish for a Happy New Year to you and all your family, and this message includes all my family in their wishes as well as mine. God be with you in His care and blessing until your days shall reach the end, and I shall be glad to hear from you often.

With the old-time love and affection, I am,

Always yours,

JAMES S. CLARKSON.

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Mr. Clarkson since writing the foregoing letter has realized at least a part of his ambition in securing a 55-acre farm on Sleepy Hollow road near Tarrytown, in the Pocantico Hills, adjoining the big Rockefeller estate. There was an old mansion on it, built nearly 150 years ago, which he has transmogrified into a beautiful and unique home where he and his family, Coker

and his little family, are now living, going into New York daily in their auto or on the interurban or the N. Y. & N. H. road. It is thirty-five miles from the center of New York—Broadway all the way and the most beautiful and best improved roadway of that length in the world. A recent visit there proves that the Clarkson family knows how to make a happy home and to improve on nature in making such a beautiful site one of utility as well as a landscape success.

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### **HOW DES MOINES CITY LIBRARY ORIGINATED.**

My attention was first called to the lack of a library in Des Moines by noticing that Keokuk had already a good start for one, while we had not begun to think about it, and being in the book business my thoughts naturally turned in the direction of books.

Soon after, I went East and visited several libraries and was taken through the Philadelphia City Library by George W. Childs of the Press and Thomas W. McKellar the type founder, Poet Laureate of the city.

I came home determined to start the ball rolling for a library in Des Moines. I happened to meet Judge John Mitchell on the way and talked it up with him, and directly upon my return I interested the Congregational minister, Dr. DeForest, who was a book lover. We three then got to work, called a public meeting at the Fifth Street Methodist Church. It was largely attended and the scheme was well launched.

Yearly memberships at \$3.00 per year were proposed, but I suggested that to make it a success we should start in with a fair supply of books at the beginning and insisted on a good lot of life memberships at \$50 each being subscribed. This was agreed to and between fifty and a hundred names were promptly secured as well as a good number of yearly subscribers.

The late Hon. H. Y. Smith and Col. G. A. Stuart were very efficient in getting members.

The library was a success from the start and so grew in favor that in a very few years it was taken over by the city and has been nourished and cherished ever since. It is very interesting to me who took the initiative in establishing it to see it housed in the magnificent building on the river side—costing over \$400,000 and containing 65,000 volumes.

The ladies became especially interested in it and it has been run ever since, largely under their auspices. In addition to the library the building accommodates a successful art school and a fine picture gallery.

The present manager, Miss Ella McLoney, was for years a favorite attache of our publishing department, being a first-class proofreader as well as compositor. When the first typesetting machine was exploited, the Chicago Type Foundry sent to us for a competent person to operate it and instruct others. We sent Miss McLoney to them. She made good as she has done in every position she has ever held. She has been the life and mainstay of the library.

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Since this book was put to press, Dan, the oldest son, has removed to Boston, Mass., to try his fortunes there. We all unite in wishing him success and happiness in his new home. He has the ability, the energy and the knowledge to make him a valuable member of society there and no doubt will make the Bostonese sit up and take notice.

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A blank form for family genealogy is placed in this volume with the request that each person receiving a copy will fill out with their family pedigree and history.

## **AN ENDORSEMENT FROM OLD NEIGHBORS.**

Springfield, Ill., April, 1907.

To the Residents of Sioux Falls, South Dakota:

We, the undersigned of the city of Springfield, Ill., having learned of a street car franchise being granted to a former resident of our city, Hon. F. M. Mills, and about to be submitted to the voters of your city, take great pleasure in recommending Mr. Mills as a thoroughly honest and capable business man and well able to carry forward any business enterprise that he will undertake.

We would further state that this is absolutely unsolicited on the part of Mr. Mills and without his knowledge and is signed for the purpose of extending out best wishes to Mr. Mills and to the citizens of Sioux Falls.

Signed by James A. Hall, treasurer Sangamon Co.; Ernest H. Helmle, Springfield Marine Bank; Jas. A. Easley, First Trust & Savings Bank; Latham T. Souther, Sangamon Loan & Trust Co.; B. R. Hieronymus, vice president and manager Illinois National Bank; William Ridgley, president Ridgley National Bank; Herman Pierik, jeweler and capitalist; R. H. Herndon, department store; Charles Bressemmer, department store; Alfred Booth; George S. Connelly, grocer; Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, president Lincoln National Bank; E. W. Payne, president State National Bank; Miles A. Leach; David A. Watson, coal operator; Louis A. Coleman.

This was sent to Col. Thos. A. Brown and published in the papers here at the time of the submission of the franchise to the people and was not seen by us until in our distant home in a Sioux Falls paper, and is only printed here now to "please the children."

## A BUILDER.

Sioux Falls is fortunate in having at the head of its traction system a builder, a man with faith in himself and in Sioux Falls. He has made good on every promise made to the people of Sioux Falls when he secured the franchise for the street railway lines in this city, but he has not been content with merely fulfilling promises. He has observed with the eye of an expert the growth and development of this city and has thrown out his lines in every direction. His policy seems to be to keep just ahead of the town all the time and thus encourage the town to grow and expand. He does not wait for a showing of comfortable profits before building and extension. He builds the extension and encourages the town to grow accordingly and bring the profits along with it. He is constantly looking into the future and building on the prospects which he sees there. His optimism and progressive spirit have been an inspiration to the whole business life of the city.

Five years ago Sioux Falls had no street car lines and it was a question with different companies who figured on venturing into this field, whether lines could be made to pay. Mr. Mills came and saw and conquered every difficulty, real and apparent. He agreed to build three miles of electric lines inside of a year. Further than that he only agreed to build as rapidly as the business in prospect would warrant. He has been building almost constantly ever since.

Think of it. With the completion of the packing house line, the building of the Main avenue line this year and the Sherman Park line next spring, there will be 12 to 15 miles of electric railway where a few

years ago there were none, and a question as to whether a street railway line would pay in Sioux Falls.

The Main avenue line to be built soon will be a very important improvement. Phillips avenue is being given over to the larger mercantile establishments and the downtown retail district is congested. Main avenue with a street car line will become an important street for retail establishments.

Sioux Falls really commenced to spread its wings for a long flight forward when it granted a street railway franchise to Mr. Mills. It was exceedingly fortunate that the traction interests of the city, interests which concern every resident of the city, were placed in such progressive and competent keeping.—Sioux Falls Daily Press.

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#### AS A MASON.

Although I have never been a "joiner,"—to round out my personal record, I will mention that I was raised a Master Mason in 1854 in LaFayette, Ind., by Grandmaster Lawrence, demitted soon after to become a charter member of a new lodge in Oxford, Ind.; demitted therefrom and joined Pioneer Lodge No. 22, Des Moines, in June 1856, was made a Royal Arch Mason in Corinthian Chapter No. 14, and a Red Cross Knight and Knight Templar in Temple Commandery, and also a thirty-second degree Scotch Rite Mason in Des Moines Consistory. During our family re-union, I attended Pioneer Lodge on the evening of April 8, and was received and honored as the one who had belonged to the lodge longer than any other living member. I assisted in initiating Seth Graham and George M. Hippee, who were both made members soon after I joined.

## **Family Histories and Genealogies.**

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### **CHILDREN OF DAN AND JANET MILLS.**

Dan Mills, son of Jacob Mills and Mary Webb, born April 3, 1801, in Warren county, Ohio, died August 5, 1887. Married Janet Westfall, daughter of Jacob Westfall and Mary King, November 22, 1821, who was born at Bardstown, Ky., August 13, 1799. She died at Jefferson, Greene county, Iowa, March 28, 1863, of pneumonia.

Their children were Jacob W. Mills, who was born October 15, 1822, in Green county, Ohio, and died November, 1906.

Mary and Elizabeth, twins, born November 7, 1824, died November 22, 1824. Mary, born October 5, 1826, in Montgomery county, Ind. Now living at Elkhart, Iowa. Croghan, born July 16, 1829, died August 15, 1829.

Frank Moody, born April 4, 1831, and still lives.

Noah Webb, born June 21, 1834, wounded at Battle of Corinth, October 4, and died October 12; Colonel of Second Iowa Infantry.

Penelope Tyler, born October 5, 1837, at Crawfordsville, Ind., died September 16, 1839, of pneumonia.

Both of our grandfathers were named Jacob and both of our grandmothers were named Mary.

## JACOB W. MILLS' FAMILY.

Jacob W. Mills, son of Dan and Janet Mills, was born October 15, 1822, in Green county, Ohio, died November, 1906, at Kingfisher, Okla. He was married July 2, 1844, to Amanda Jewell, daughter of John Jewell at Madison, Ind. She was born September 11, 1827, and died at Des Moines, May 30, 1876. In October, 1878, he married Sarah Bryan Parker at Greensburg, Ind. Her father was Samuel Bryan and his grandfather was an Irish squire named O'Bryan.

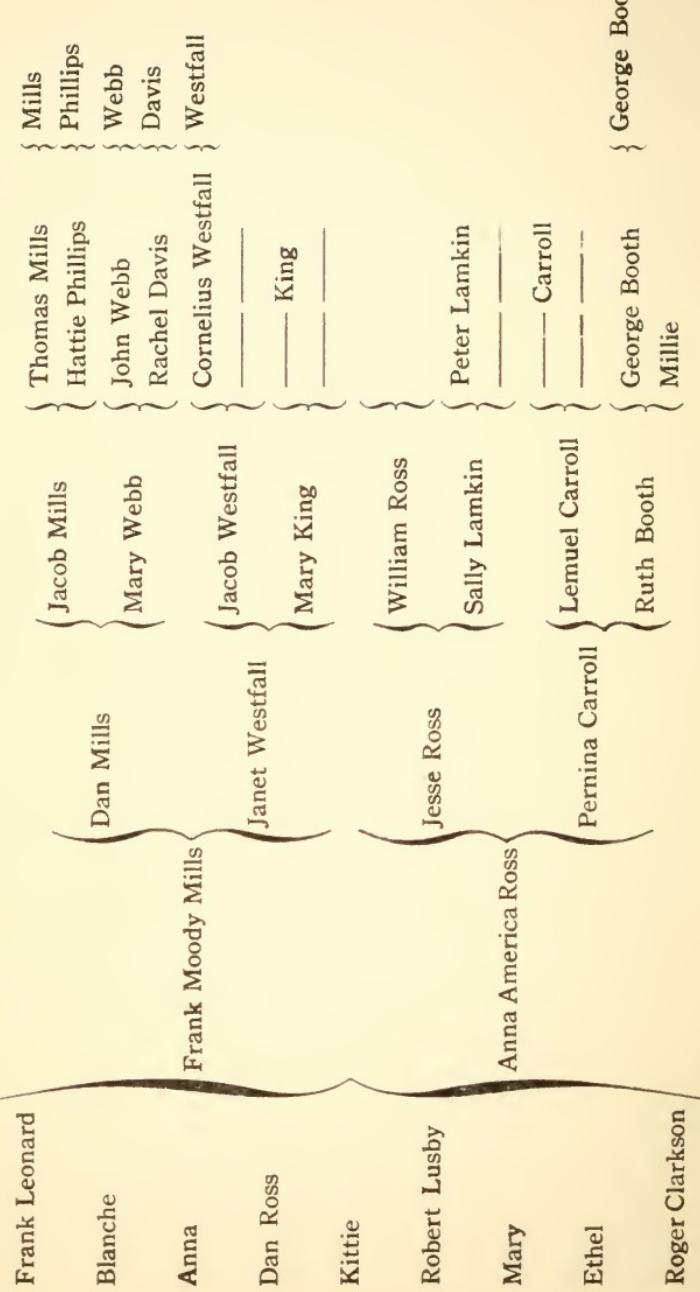
The children of Jacob and Amanda Mills were four of whom John Jewell, the first, was born in 1845 and died in infancy. Janet, born at Greensburg, Ind., married to George W. Sheldon of Lawrenceburg, and now resides in Des Moines. Janet and George W. Sheldon have four children, Charles Mills, who is a distinguished artist living in London, Eng., who, I believe, has three children; Frank Mills, an auditor with the Des Moines Street Railway Co., unmarried; Jacob Mills, an architect in St. Paul, and Amanda, living with her parents.

Jacob and Amanda's other children are Dan Frank, who was married to Ella McBride and has one daughter and Ella, who married Oscar Beeks. They removed to Pasadena, Cal., where Mr. Beeks died a number of years ago. They had three children, two boys and a girl.

### SISTER MARY'S FAMILY.

Mary Westfall Mills was born near Troy, Miami Co., Ohio, Oct. 5th, 1826. Married Oct. 23, 1850 in Benton Co., Ind., to Wm. G. Oungst, son of Henry and Anna Oungst, natives of Germany, who was born April 5th, 1828 in Rockingham Co., Va., and died Dec. 11, 1903, at Elkhart Iowa, of pneumonia. He entered the service in 1861 as 2d Lieut. in 10th Iowa infantry, promoted to 1st Lieut. Was in battles of Ft. Pillow, Iuka and discharged for physical inability in 1863. Was raised on a farm, but had been a merchant in Indianola and in Jefferson, Iowa; returned to farm after the war. Their children were Webb Mills, born in Polk Co., Iowa, Jan. 12, 1854, married to Rebecca Bechtel at Harlan, Ia., Sept. 27, 1881; has daughter, Abbie, born Nov. 1, 1880 in Harlan, Iowa, now married and living at Ft. Smith, Ark. They have a son Walter, born Sept. 27, 1887, Harlan, Iowa; Annette, born Benton Co., Ind., July 18, 1851, died Sept. 30, 1855; Ella born at Des Moines July 7, 1856, died Dec. 11, 1885. She was married to Albert Guthrie, Oct. 18, 1880 in Polk Co. Her son Fred born Nov. 7th, 1881; Jessie born Aug. 1st, 1883, died July 21, 1884; Carrie K., born Aug. 12, 1889, died Jan. 31, 1886; Frederick, born Jefferson, Ia., May 20, 1859, died Aug. 16, 1860; Jessie T., born Jefferson, Ia., Aug. 13, 1865, died Aug. 8, 1895. She was married to Isaac Moore, May 12, 1889, Polk Co. Their daughter Louisa born at Crotcher, Polk Co., Feb. 10, 1885; Willie born at Elkhart, May 3, 1887; Mary O. Elizabeth, born at Elkhart Oct. 25, 1890; Westley E., born at Elkhart Dec. 12, 1894, died Feb. 11, 1901; Eddie W., born at Ayer's Grove March 28 1867, died Aug. 3, 1880.

# THE MILLS' FAMILY GENEALOGY



## **FRANK M. MILLS' FAMILY.**

Frank Moody Mills, son of Dan and Janet Mills, born April 4, 1831, near Ladoga, Montgomery Co, Ind., and married December 26, 1854, at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Rev. A. A. Livermore to Anna America Ross, daughter of Jesse Ross and Pernina Carroll. She was born in Boone county, Ky., near Big Bone Lick on November 11, 1835.

Their first child, Frank Leonard, was born at Oxford, Benton county, Ind., February 10, 1856, and died at Des Moines, November 11, 1861.

Blanche, born in Cincinnati, Ohio, at her grandfather's house on November 23, 1857, and married on the anniversary of her mother's birth and of her brother Frank's death, November 11, 1884, at Des Moines, Iowa, to Charles A. Finkbine.

Anna, born at Des Moines, August 15, 1859, died of cholera infantum, June 22, 1860.

Dan Ross, born at Des Moines, June 6, 1861, married January 24, 1885, to Kitty Helene Given.

Robert Lusby, born January 12, 1863, died July 23, 1863.

Kitty, born February 16, 1865, married June 6, 1888, to Edmund Corrie Chase.

Mary, born April 23, 1870, married February 21, 1894, to Albert Hall Goode, who died at Johnston, Pa., Sept. 1st, 1900.

On July 30, 1907, she was married to Lieutenant, now Captain Edward R. Tompkins of the Eleventh U. S. Cavalry, who was born in South Carolina, was edu-

cated at the South Carolina Military Institute. Was a soldier in the Cuban War and entered the regular army as lieutenant, served in the Philippines where he has been stationed twice since then, two years at Fort Des Moines later two years in Cuba with the Eleventh U. S. Cavalry and for the last two years at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. Receives his promotion to captaincy August 12, 1911, with transfer to another regiment or to be detailed for special service. Particulars of his genealogy have not yet come to hand. His mother is a South Carolina woman, his father a New Yorker, who went south to live soon after the Civil War.

Ethel Mills Love was born in Des Moines, August 7, 1871, was married to Otis Gray Love, September 21, 1894, and has been a widow since August, 1908. Her daughter, Marjorie, was born November, 1895.

Otis Gray Love came from an old New England family. His father was H. K. Love, who was a banker in Keokuk, Dubuque and Des Moines; was a brother of J. M. Love of the U. S. Court. Otis is a cousin of Sidney C. Love of financial and marital fame.

Roger Clarkson, born April 20, 1879; married December 9, 1902, at Alta, Iowa, to Pearl Tincknell.

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Frank M. Mills and Annette Crawford, born December 20, 1856, daughter of Andrew Crawford and Georgiana Walker, were married December 11, 1888, at Winterset, Iowa, by Rev. Dr. Frisbie, who married all the children of F. M. Mills, except Ethel and Roger.

Their daughter, Mildred, was born at Des Moines, September 5, 1890. Carroll Crawford was born at Des Moines, March 24, 1892.

## THE FINKBINE FAMILY.

There are no records at hand in regard to the Finkbine family except that the grandfather of Chas. A. Finkbine was Francis Finkbine, a farmer near Oxford, Butler Co., Ohio., coming thither from Germantown, Philadelphia. His son Robert S. Finkbine was born July 9, 1828 at Oxford, Ohio. He married Rebecca, daughter of Orlando Finch, born at Oxford, Feb. 5th, 1852. R. S. Finkbine was an accomplished builder and architect and a noted expert in all building materials. The capitol of Iowa was built under his supervision. He was one of the capitol commissioners. He was a member of the legislature from Johnson county and held many important public positions.

Their children were Charles Albert Finkbine, born Nov. 16, 1853; Edward C., William O. and Harry M., all born at Iowa City and all living in Des Moines except Harry. They were all educated at the Iowa state university; Charles graduated in both the classical and the law departments, was admitted to the bar, practiced a while in Council Bluffs, later in Des Moines. Then after a time in his brother's lumber yard to learn the business, established the Wisconsin Lumber Co., of which he is president and manager, having his main office in Des Moines, with a number of yards in Northwestern Iowa. Edward, William and Harry are operating the Green Bay Lumber Co., the Finkbine Lumber Co., a large milling property at Wiggins, Miss., etc. E. C. Finkbine is engaged in several other business

enterprises. Charles was graduated from state university in 1875 and from the law department in 1877.

Chas. A. Finkbine married Blanche Mills, who was born in Cincinnati Nov. 23, 1857, on Nov. 11, 1884. She was educated at Iowa college at Grinnell, and at Miss Fessenden's school at Stamford, Conn., spending two years in the musical conservatory in Leipzig and later in Paris. Their children are: Anna, born in Storm Lake, Sept. 8, 1888. She graduated from the Des Moines high school and graduated at Smith college in 1910.

Frank Mills Finkbine was born in Storm Lake, Dec. 18, 1891, and is now a student at St. John's academy, Delafield, Wis.

Roger Spencer Finkbine was born in Des Moines, Oct. 25, 1895, and is now in the Des Moines high school.

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#### THE MILLS-GIVEN GENEALOGY.

Dan Ross Mills, son of Frank M. and Anna Ross Mills, born June 6, 1861, in Des Moines, Iowa, married Kittie Helene Given, January 23, 1885. Moved to Boston, Mass., in 1911. Their son, Frank Milton Mills, was born September 23, 1888, at Des Moines, an artist by profession. Their daughter, Ruth, was born February 1, 1894, in Des Moines.

John Hamilton Given, father of Kittie Given Mills, was born October 27, 1820, in Bath county, Va. Married December, 1847, to Cynthia Ann Martin, who was born November 2, 1828, in Jackson, Ohio.

John Hamilton Given's father was James Given, a soldier of war of 1812; born February 23, 1781, and died September 22, 1835. His wife was Elizabeth Graham, born May 1, 1788, in Bath county, Va., died in

Des Moines, October 7, 1872. James Given's father was Wm. Given, born in Ireland. His wife was Nancy Bratton, born in Ireland, who died in Virginia, July 22, 1827. Christopher Graham, father of Elizabeth Graham, born in Virginia, February 2, 1755, died September 19, 1841, in Virginia. His wife, Mrs. Jane Carlisle, was born November 10, 1750, in Virginia.

Mrs. John H. Given's father was Wm. Martin, who was married in Ohio to Jane McClintock of Greenbriar county, W. Va. He died when about twenty-four years old and his widow married John Moore in 1838. Her father was Wm. McClintock of West Virginia, who died at seventy in Wapello county, Iowa. He was married to Agnes Shankland.

The children of John H. and Cynthia Ann Given were Arthur, who died a year or two ago in California; Pauline, married to Hon. Albert W. Swalm, U. S. Consul at Southampton, England; Jean, who married Eugene Bryan, an attorney of St. Paul, Minn.; Charles, a merchant in Oklahoma; Kitty Helene, who married Dan Ross Mills; Mary, who died at about the age of sixteen.

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### THE CHASE GENEALOGY.

Thomas Chase of Chesham, Bucks County, England, sire of Richard Chase, born in 1542; married Joan Bishop in 1564. Their son, Aquilla Chase, was born in 1580. He was married to Anna Wheeler of Salisbury, England. Their son, Aquilla, was born in 1618, who was one of the original settlers of Hampton, N. H., in 1639 and Newberg in 1646, died in 1670. Their son, Moses Chase, born in 1663, married Anna Follansby. Their son, Daniel Chase, born in 1685; married to Sarah March and died in 1768. Their son, Samuel

Chase, born in 1707; married Mary Dudley and settled in Cornish, N. H., died in 1800. Their son, Moody Chase, born 1721 in Sutton, Mass., married Elizabeth Hale of Bradford, Mass. He was a convert of Geo. F. Whitefield and died in 1815. Their son, Dudley Chase, born 1730, married Alice Corbet and died in 1814. Their son Isthamar Chase, born 1763, married Janet Ralston, was a distinguished citizen of Vermont and his son, Salmon P. Chase, who was born in 1808 and died in 1873, was chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, and Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln.

Jacob Chase of Groton and Shirley, Mass., born 1761, married to Abigail Hubbard and died in 1848, was a son of Moody Chase. William Chase, who married Miss Parker, was son of Jacob Chase, whose son Philander Chase, born in 1775, died in 1852, was bishop of Illinois. Edmund Parker Chase born 1821, was son of William Chase. He married Eliza G. Scripps. He died in 1896. They had seven children, John, Mary, Edward, Charles, Hal, Jennie and William. Mrs. Chase and all of these children are still living except Jennie. Edmund Corrie Chase, born April 13, 1858, married Katherine Mills, born Feb. 16, 1860, on June 6, 1888. Their daughter Katharine, born Feb. 23, 1890, educated at Miss Mason's school, Castle on the Hudson. Edmund Parker Chase, born April 24, 1894, now in Des Moines high school. Edmund Corrie Chase, partner in firm of Chase Bros., grocers.

Edmund Parker Chase, born in Boston, Mass., May 30, 1821. His father, William Chase son of Jacob Chase belonged to the Moody branch of the family from Shirley Mass, and was second cousin to Salmon P. Chase. His mother was a Miss Parker, and it is said that two uncles of that name when but 12 and

14 years of age sounded out Yankee Doodle on fife and drum at the battle of Bunker's Hill. Edmund P. Chase entered Yale at 16 years of age and graduated from there. Died 1896.

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### THE GOODE FAMILY.

William Henry Goode, born June 19, 1807, in Warren county, Ohio.

Sarah Burfoot Pearson, born Aug. 31, 1809, in Washington county, Virginia.

William Henry Goode and Sarah Burfoot Pearson, married April 30, 1829, in Gallatin County, Ky.

Walton Pearson Goode, born Sept. 9, 1831, near Madison, Ind.

Walton P. Goode and Lucy A. Beck, married Oct. 28, 1858, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Albert Hall Goode, born Aug. 19, 1860, in Indianapolis, Ind.; died Sept. 1, 1900, at Johnstown, Pa.

Albert Hall Goode and Mary Mills were married Dec. 9, 1891, at Des Moines by Rev. A. L. Frisbie.

Walton Mills Goode, their son, was born at Des Moines June 8, 1893.

Roger Charles Goode was born in Atlanta, Ga., July 11, 1898.

Mary Mills Goode was married on July 30, 1907, at Des Moines, to Captain Edmund Ross Tompkins, of the 11th U. S. Cavalry. He is a native of South Carolina. His mother, born in that state and his father born in New York.

For the benefit of my two good grandsons, the Goode boys, I reprint here a sketch of the Goode family from which they descended, written by Eleanor Lexington, who is doubtless herself a descendant of the noted family.

"Richard Goode of Cornwall, England, born about

1360, was ancestor of the family in America, his direct descendant, John Goode being the settler. He came to Virginia prior to 1661, and his name is put down 'John Goode, gentleman.' This means that his ancestors had been freemen and that he was entitled to coat-armor. There was no question of race suicide in those early days, John being blessed with a baker's dozen of children. He owned a valuable property, and by his will left to seven children, both sons and daughters, 2,000 pounds of tobacco each. Less generous provision was made for four daughters, who received only one shilling each. The present site of Monticello was owned by Bennet Goode, who married Martha Jefferson, aunt of Thomas Jefferson.

"The family had its representatives in the Indian wars, the revolution and the war of 1812. Samuel Goode, neighbor of Patrick Henry, and Edmund and John Goode were in the revolutionary army; also Colonel Robert Goode of Virginia. Colonel Goode was a man of influence, and one of the planters whose characteristics have been depicted in '*The Virginians*'.

"It is recorded as something which may have a certain interest to his posterity, that he built one of the first icehouses in the United States at his home, Whitby, and that it was in the shape of an egg, with the small end embedded in the soil, and the large one forming a globe-shaped structure.

"A finished scholar, able to read the bible in five languages, was Major Hamilton Goode of Georgia, who served in Jackson's Indian wars. Judge Thomas Goode of Georgia, born in 1802, met his fate in truly romantic fashion. The legend runs that he was handsome and rich, and one day, riding past a lowly cabin, saw standing in the doorway a plainly clad, but beautiful maiden. He swore a great oath that he

would marry her could he win her consent. This he gained, and the two were married. Virginia Nemor was the damsel's name.

"Goodes of the western states claim Philip Goode, pioneer, as progenitor. He went from Virginia to Ohio."

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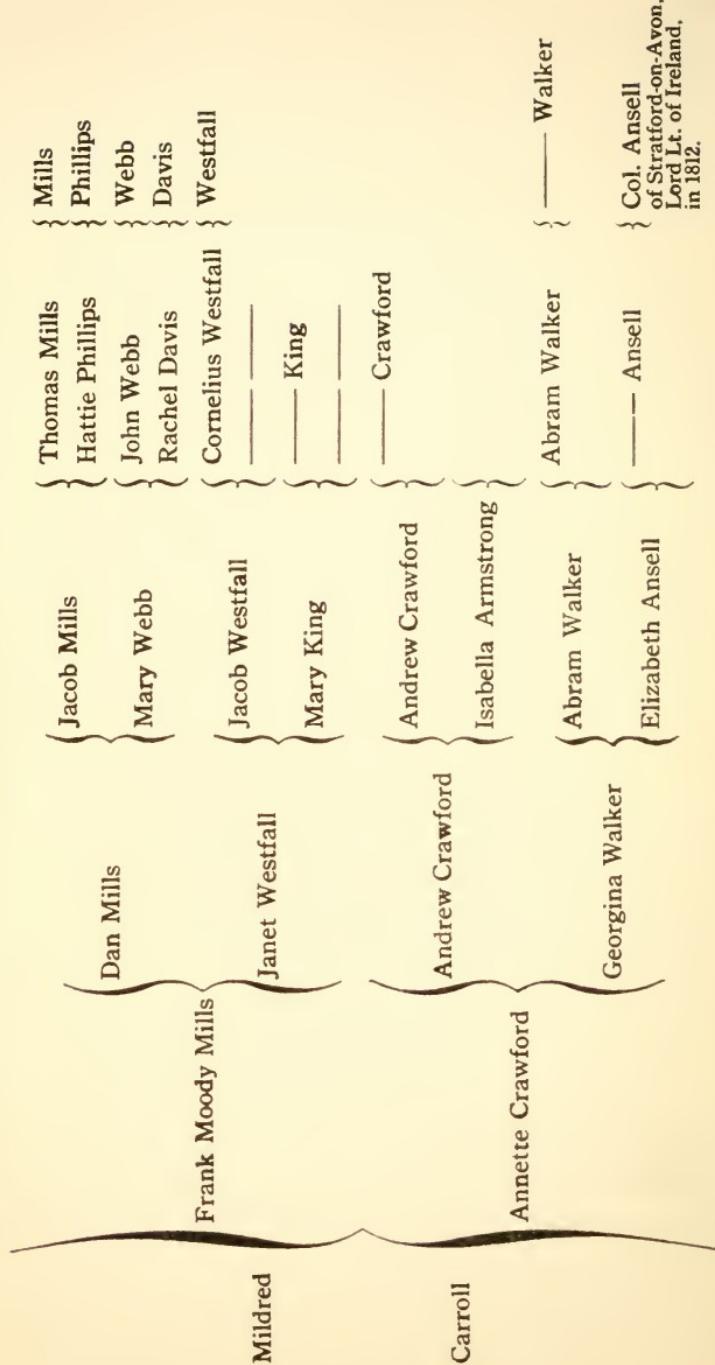
### MILLS-TINCKNELL FAMILY.

Roger Clarkson Mills, son of Frank M. and Anna Ross Mills was born April 20, 1879, in Chestnut Lodge, Des Moines, married Pearl Tincknell at Alta, Iowa, December 9, 1903. She was born in Buena Vista county, Iowa, September 18, 1883. They have two children, Frederick Tincknell, born at Port Townsend, Wash., November 1, 1904, and Janet, born at Benton Harbor, Mich., August 4, 1907.

Pearl Tincknell's father, Frederick George Tincknell, born July 4, 1851, in Wisconsin. Married Mary Jane Parker, who was born in Iowa, June 1, 1854. Her father, Joseph Parker, was a son of William Parker, who married Ann Radford, whose mother was a Wells. George Frederick Tincknell's father was George, who married Betsy Roper, and his father was also named George and his wife was Ann Bartlett. After George Tincknell's death, Joseph Parker married his widow, Betsy Roper Tincknell.

Roger Clarkson Mills had eight years service in the quartermaster's department during and after the Cuban War, and was stationed after the war at San Francisco, Seattle, Port Townsend and Spokane Falls. He lived one year at Alta, Iowa, and the last four years at Benton Harbor, Mich.

# THE MILLS-CRAWFORD GENEALOGY



## THE CRAWFORD FAMILY

Andrew Crawford, father of Annette Crawford Mills, was born in Cavan, Cavan County, Ireland in December, 1818; emigrated to America and landed in New York in 1881. Afterward moved to Cincinnati and engaged in mercantile pursuits, remaining there until 1843—thence after a short residence in Wisconsin and in Indiana, moved to Winterset in 1856. He married Georgina Walker July 9, 1848. She was born in Dublin of English parentage. He died in Winterset, June 3d, 1879. His father's name was also Andrew, and his wife, Isabella Armstrong. He had two brothers, John and William, both of whom were merchants in Cincinnati and amassed fortunes there. William Crawford, who was a junior partner in the wholesale cloth house of Henry Marks & Co. on Pearl street, in which I was clerk, when a boy, afterward bought out the store in the early part of the war and became very wealthy. He died a few years ago, leaving his property to his wife during her lifetime—to go to the Methodist church and benevolent objects after her death. He had no children.

Mrs. Georgina Crawford, born Aug. 12, 1822; died December 19, 1901. She was a daughter of Abraham Walker and Elizabeth Ansell, whose mother was a daughter of Col. Ansell, of Stratford on Avon, of the English army, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland about 1812. Mrs. Crawford's grandfather was also an Abram Walker, a linen manufacturer of Belfast, Ireland. He had sons, Abram, Thomas, John and Henry.

He left a large fortune, but Mrs. Crawford's father, Abram, lost his share in indorsing for his brother, Thomas. Her mother's sister married Rev. Dr. Case, of Shrewsbury. The father of Captain Maryatt, the novelist, was a banker in London, and was guardian of the two Ansell girls; Prof. Thomas Case, of Oxford College, was a cousin of Mrs. Crawford.

One of the Walkers went over to Ireland with William IV., and was given the coat of arms now used in the Crawford-Walker families—and also a large grant of land. The second Abram Walker came to America about 1836—was connected with Rathbones of Liverpool.

Great Grandfather Walker lies in Lambeth church yard, London, while Grandfather and mother Walker lie in Freehold, N. J., having been removed there from St. Lukes, New York.

The children of Andrew and Georgina Crawford, were Andrew Walker, born July 12, 1849; married to Mattie Houston Strong. George F., born February 15, 1854; married to Caroline Gregg, who have a daughter, Elizabeth, born 1895.

Andrew and Georgiana Crawford also had a daughter, Elizabeth, born next after George F., who died at the age of eight.

Annette Crawford Mills was born December 20, 1856, and married to Frank M. Mills, December 11, 1888. Their daughter, Mildred, was born September 5, 1890, now at school in Martha Washington Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Carroll Crawford Mills, born March 24, 1892—now a sophomore in Michigan University at Ann Arbor.

## HACKLEMAN FAMILY HISTORY.

Letter from Mrs. Sarah A. Mills Clapp.

Des Moines April 10th, 1905.

Webb and I were married in Rushville, Ind., Sept. 25th, 1856. Removed to Iowa soon after (in fall of same year.)

Our first child, Pleasant J. Mills, was born July 5th, 1857. The next was Kate, born on Dec. 25, 1858, died Sept. 25th, 1859. She was buried in Woodland cemetery and she and her father now lie side by side in Woodland. Minnie Mills was the third child, and was born Feb. 14th, 1860. She was only two years old when Webb died and Pleasant five. These children were all born in Des Moines. Ia. Webb was born near Ladoga, Montgomery Co., Ind., not far from Crawfordsville, to which place his father moved when Webb was a year or two old.

I was born in Brookville, Ind., or near there, in Brookville township, Franklin Co., Nov. 20th, 1836, on the old family farm.

My grandfather, Major John Hackleman, came from Aberville district, South Carolina, when a boy with his father and mother. His father was of German descent, was a soldier in the revolution and a very energetic, enterprising man. My grandmother on my father's side was an Adams and related to the Adams family noted in history. She also came from South Carolina with her father and mother as a little girl. I think she was English and Scotch mixed. She was

a strong, grand character, well calculated to be the wife of Major John Hackleman, the sturdy pioneer. My grandfather held the rank of major in the war of 1812, was a man of such sterling qualities and withal so kind and gentle he was loved by all who knew him. My father, Pleasant Adams Hackleman, was the oldest son and born in Brookville township, Ind., Nov. 15th, 1814. He was an ambitious boy and determined to have an education. He attended the country school three months for three winters and after that he studied at home in the family kitchen by a pine knot blaze in the big chimney. He was a student always, and deserved great credit for his good education, it was so thorough and so practical. He studied law after he was married, having taught the country school in the neighborhood three winters, one before his marriage and two after. He was married to Sarah Bradburn, Oct. 31st, 1833 at the home of the bride's father, Dr. Bradburn, who also lived in Brookville township, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Brookville, where he had a beautiful home and the finest garden flowers and vegetables in the state at that time. My mother was the youngest of twelve children, most of whom died in infancy or later. My grandfather was a man of wealth and finely educated, being a graduate of William and Mary college, (now Princeton, I believe) and was a real old Virginia aristocrat. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, I think, born in Virginia—don't know the date, but that is not necessary. His wife, my mother's mother's maiden name was Mary Churchman, was English and Dutch mixed; was a beautiful woman and well educated. She was born in Pennsylvania at Bedford and removed with her husband, Dr. Bradburn, to Kentucky, afterward to Fayette Co., Ind., where he had a fine large farm and

where he carried out his ideas of a fine garden and flower culture. His gardens, I have been told by old men in Rushville, were visited by the people, what few there were, like we go to the parks, but such things were rare then. Dr. Bradburn was a noted surgeon and had a large practice. I forgot to say he lived both in New Albany, Ind., and Cincinnati, Ohio, before he settled in Fayette Co., at least that is my impression. He was a great student of nature, a fine botanist and astronomer; had his apparatus for observing the stars and could compute their distances. He was not popular with the masses, only those who knew him best appreciated him. His ideas were too high-flown, he was too aristocratic for the times in the west. He left Kentucky because he did not believe in holding slaves, although he was partly raised in a slave state. He died when but 62 years old, very suddenly of heart failure. He was a grand man in every way, large and commanding in person, about six feet in height and weighing over 200 pounds. My mother simply worshipped him.

My mother, Sarah Bradburn, was born March 17, 1813, in Indiana, at New Albany, I think, but am sure she was born in Indiana. She and my father were near of an age and were married very young. They had nine children, of whom I was the second. My sister Mary Anne was the oldest. There are only four of us living now, three in the old home town, Rushville, Ind., and myself here.

I think now I will go back to my father's history. He was married, as I said, Oct. 1st, 1833, to Sarah Bradburn in Brookville township, by Rev. Lewis Deweso, a prominent Baptist minister of the old school. My father taught school two winters after his marriage, then removed to Brookville, Ind. and went into

the law office of John A. Matson, who was afterwards governor of Indiana. Governor Matson took great interest in his young law student, and gave him great encouragement. He was admitted to the bar in one year, such was his unusual progress, passed his examination with great credit, then decided to move to Rushville where he went into practice and was very successful. His first case was a revolutionary soldier's, who had been trying for years to secure a pension and back pay. He came to my father and offered him half of all that was coming to him if he was successful in securing it. After much hard work and delay he succeeded in getting \$1,500, and his first fee as a lawyer, at least his first large fee he spent in buying a home, the first home I remember. He was elected judge of common pleas court, then served two terms in the legislature and then in the senate; then elected county \_\_\_\_\_ in which position he served eight years. He ran for congress twice, but being in a strong democratic district, he was defeated, once only by a very few votes; afterward he could have been elected, but he would not espouse the Know Nothing doctrine, and the man who ran, Will Cumback, was elected, the first whig or republican congressman the district ever had, so far as I know. He was selected by Lincoln as one of the peace commissioners in 1861.

When the war broke out, he made up his mind to go for one year and the 16th Indiana regiment of volunteers was put in his command. He was a glorious soldier, so kind and fatherly to his boys, who were all sons of friends, and college boys, Gov. Matson's son being among them, they all loved him like a father and through love he commanded them. His regiment was accepted for one year served with the army of the Potomac under McClellan, were mustered out at

the end of the year, but before the year was over my father was commissioned brigadier general and ordered to the army of the southwest. You know the rest of the sad, sad, ending, killed the first day of the battle of Corinth.

I think, if I have understood, this is about all you asked for except the marriage of Pleas and Minnie.

Pleasant J. Mills was married Nov. 8, 1883, to Miss May Easton of Dallas Co., Iowa. They have one child, Margaret Adelia Mills, born in Des Moines, Sept. 1st, 1887, is now at Smith college; will graduate there.

Minnie Mills was married in Des Moines to Harry Alexander Elliott, July 18th, 1878, at the family home. Three children have been born to them, namely, Webb Mills Elliott, May 1879, John Alexander Elliott, May 1880; Ralph Adams Elliott, March 1884. Ralph just celebrated his 21st birthday a couple of weeks ago.

Sarah Adelia Mills and E. R. Clapp were married at the family home in Rushville, Ind., April 20, 1871.

Edwin Ruthven Clapp was born in Casanovia, N. Y., May 30th, 1827. Two children were born to Sarah A. and Edwin R. Clapp, Bertha Adelia Clapp and Nellie Clapp. The youngest daughter, Nellie Clapp, died at the age of two years and three months.

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Since above was written Mr. and Mrs. Clapp both died within a few months of each other.

## **THE ROSS' FAMILY.**

The children of Jesse and Pernina Ross were Harrison, William, James, Evelina, Margaret, Mary and Anna. These are all of which I have any record. All of whom are dead. Harrison was a farmer who died in Kansas. William a physician who died in Kansas City, leaving a wife, Bertha and two daughters. Mary married Andrew Linn, who died in Missouri; Evelyn left a son, James Jenkins, who died, and a daughter, Fanny Hensley, now living in Omaha. Margaret married John Daugherty, who died some years ago in Des Moines. They left Belle, who married T. C. Birmingham, a paper dealer in Chicago. Albert, who died some twenty years ago. Frank is with the American Express Co., Chicago; Wm. Peet, superintendent of a large printing concern in Nashville, Tenn., and Roy, a railway engineer of Montgomery, Ala. Mrs. Daugherty died some three years ago in Montgomery, Ala.

## HISTORICAL DATA ABOUT THE MILLS, WEBB AND ROSS FAMILIES.

I have had no opportunity to examine any genealogies of the Mills tribe, or historical sketches, though some have been published, but from some old volumes of Virginia magazines, etc., I run across in society libraries I dug out the following items in regard to persons of the name of Mills, and of Webb, my grandmother's family name, and of Ross.

### The Mills Family

(From Virginia Magazine and other State records)

WALTER MILLS and ALEX MILLS were registered as tithable in Northampton Co., Va., Aug. 1666.

JOHN MILLS registered as taxable in Lancaster Co., Va., in 1654.

JOHN MILLS and three others came to America and registered for transportation, July 17, 1637.

JAMES MILLS was commissioned to take a Dutch vessel in 1661. He captured a brig.

ALICE MILLS, Government land patented to her in 1637 as headright.

SUSAN MILLS, headright to land by patent in 1635.

ROBERT MILLS, petition for re-survey of land in 1716.

MRS. FORTUNE MILLS, wife of JAMES MILLS of Surrogate, power of Attorney, March 1661, to convey land.

BETSEY MILLS, married in 17— to Gabriel, son of John Maupin, 1699, a Huguenot.

DAVID MILLS, registered in Albemarle county, Va., as possessor of a lot of books, including parcel of Latin books, in 1765.

WILLIAM MILLS, Va., born 1780, married Elizabeth Gorman of Hanover, Va., in 1808.

MARY MILLS was married to David Rhodes, May 18, 1730, died April 10, 1780.

MARY MILLS, married Edward Godwin, who died in 1755.

MARY MILLS married Dr. Edward Butts, 1780, died 1800.

DR. EDWARD C. MILLS, and Dr. Jacob T. Mills, of Columbus, Ohio, engaged in compiling history of the Mills family and collecting genealogy of John Mills and Florence Hall of Augusta Co., Va., who were emigrants from Doneran, County Down, Ireland. This volume not yet issued.

THOMAS MILLS, private, Virginia militia, on pension roll Sept. 20, 1833, from March 4, 1831.

GEORGE MILLS, private Virginia. Militia from Mch. 4, 1831. 78 years old.

LYDIA, wife of George Mills, applied for pension. Prince William County, Va.

JAMES MILLS, Spencer, Ky., applied for pension. Claim suspended for further proof.

JOHN MILLS, Va., Ensign 7th Va., Aug. 6, 1779 and served to end of war.

JOHN MILLS, Va., Ensign 9th Va., Aug. 6th, '79, transferred to 7th Va., Feb. 12th, '81. Lt. in 1781, and served to end of war. Died Nov. 23, 1833.

The following were officers in revolution from other states:

AMASA MILLS, Lt. 1st Conn. and Capt. in Continental Inf.

BENJ. MILLS, Conn. Sergt. at Lexington, Lt. Conn.  
Inf. to Dec. '75.

BENJ. MILLS, N. C., 1st Lt. N. C., dragoons, was in  
service in 1778.

DANIEL H. MILLS, N. Y., Capt. 4th N. Y., tr. to 3d  
N. Y., died Apr. 27.

JAMES MILLS, Capt. 1st N. C., 1776 to ——.

ELIJAH MILLS, Sgt. 9th Mass. Jan. 97, ensign 1780,  
tr. to 8th Mass., Jan. '81.

JOSEPH MILLS, 1st N. H., Lt. July 5, 1780, retired  
Jan. '81.

JOHN MILLS, Sgt. 5th Conn., Reg. Q. M., Jan. '75,  
Capt. 2d Conn. res. May '78.

JOHN MILLS, Ens. Whitecomb's reg. Mass. Ens. 2d  
Cont. Jan. '76, 2nd and 1st Lt., Capt. '79, tr. to Jackson  
cont. reg. and served to —— in 2d U. S. In. as  
Capt., 1791, major in 93, adjt. and Inspector of ar-  
my '94 to '96. Died July 8, '96.

JOSEPH MILLS, Ens. 1st N. H., Sept. '77, Lt. July  
5, 1780, Ret. Jan. 1781.

PETER MILLS, Conn. pri. in Lex Alarape, 75 2d Lt.  
7 Conn. Capt. Dec. Artifice Baldwin's Artillery, res.  
Feb. '81. Died Oct. 10, 1830.

SAMUEL MILLS, M. Sgt. 2d Cont. dragoons, prisoner  
at —— Dec. 14, '77, exch. Aug. 8, '80, Lt., 3d  
Cont. Dragoons from Jan. 2, '78, res. Oct. 8, 1780.

WILLIAM MILLS, 1st Lt. Glovers Mass. regt. Dec.  
'77, 1st Lt. 11th Con. Inf., June 1834 and as Capt.  
1789 and 7th Mass., May 1781, tr. to 4th Mass., and  
served to end of war.

Made application for pensions:

JOHN MILLS, an ancestor of our great Grandmother  
Webb, was registered as titheable in Northampton  
County, Va., in Aug. 1666.

JEDEDIAH MILLS, Hartford, Conn., Invalid Pension,  
died in 1832, (Sarah, widow.)

ZEBULON MILLS, Annsville, Oneida Co., N. Y., serv-  
ed but few months.

KANAK MILLS, Kirkland, Oneida Co., N. Y., not  
fully proved.

ANDREW MILLS, Wardester, Anson Co., Va., did  
not serve six months.

The following revolutionary soldiers who enlisted  
from Virginia were on the government pension rolls:  
John Mills, Thomas Mills, George Mills, James Mills,  
and several widows of Mills soldiers. John Mills was  
an ensign and served to end of the war. There were  
quite a number of officers of the name of Mills from  
other states who served during the revolution, as well  
as a number of Webbs. Thos. Mills, while on a re-  
connoitre with Simon Kenton, the celebrated Indian  
fighter, was assassinated by the Indians, but Kenton  
with his usual luck escaped.

JOHN MILLS, Private 21st regular Infantry, died  
Feb. 5, 1850. Placed on pension roll Sept. 24th,  
1817. His heirs were Phillip, Henry, Sarah, Robin-  
son and Daniel H\_\_\_\_\_.

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### Webb Family

GEORGE WEBB published the "Virginia Justice" in  
Williamsburgh, Va., in 1736, the first book of its  
kind published in America. Heredity is no doubt re-  
sponsible for the fact that I published the Iowa Jus-  
tice, the first and best book of its kind published in  
the west, a book of near 1,000 pages and the stand-  
ard work today for practice in justice courts in  
Iowa.

MONY WEBB, MERRY WEBB and THOMAS WEBB,

Jr., renounced allegiance to England Oct. 17, 1776. They were not tories and were probably soldiers, as, —— Webb is noted as being a prisoner July 3, 1776. Giles Webb was recorded as owning a lot of old books in Henrico, Va., in 1714. Libraries were so uncommon then as to make their possession notable.

JOHN WEBB, Va., Cap. 7th Va., Mch. 15, '76, Maj. '76 Maj. tr. to 5th Va., Sept. '78 Lt. Col. July, '79, ret. Feb. 12, 1781.

JOHN WEBB, Conn., Lt. 2d Con. T., Dragoons, Capt. Jan. 1, 1778, Aid to Gen. Knox., 1781, served to end of war.

ISAAC WEBB, Va., Ensign, 2d and 1st Lt. In service to 1780.

JOHN WEBB, tithable in Northampton Co., Va., in August, 1666.

GEORGE WEBB, published the Virginia Justice in Williamsburgh, Va., in 1736, the first of its kind published in America.

MORRIS WEBB, MERRY WEBB, THOMAS WEBB, JR., renounced allegiance to England, Oct. 17, 1776.  
—— WEBB, a prisoner at Quebec, July 3, 1776.

GILES WEBB, recorded as owning lot of old books in 1714, Henrico, Va.

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### The Westfall Family.

JACOB WESTFALL, (my grandfather) was placed on the pension rolls from Putnam Co., Indiana, Oct. 29th, 1833, commencing from March 4, 1831 and drew pension until his death, after which my grandmother drew pension until her death. He was 80 years old.

JOHN WESTFALL, private inft., on pension roll July

21, 1819, com. June 1, 1818, at age 64. Died Dec. 12, 1824, 70 years old (born 1754.)  
ABEL WESTFALL Va., Capt. 8th Va., 12th Mch., 1776, res. Nov. 22nd, '77.  
CORNELIUS WESTFALL, Va., Ensign 7th Va., Mch. 16, res. Apr. 21, '78.

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### Ross Family

JOHN ROSS, militiaman in Middlesex Co., Va., 1687.  
JOHN ROSS, with others, signer of petition for permit to establish Bank at Norfolk, Va., in 1791.  
ALEXANDER ROSS, of Boone Co., Daniel of Jessamine Co., John of Fleming Co., John of Madison Co., and Nathaniel Ross of Jefferson Co., are registered in Kentucky as pensioners.  
WILLIAM of Green Co., Edward of Jones Co., Rachel, widow of George and Reuben of Morgan Co., Ky., applied for pension.  
DAVID ROSS, Md., Major of Graysons Add, 1 Cont. Reg. Ill., Jan. '77, res. Dec. 20, '77.  
GEORGE ROSS, N. J. Ens, 1st N. J., Dec. 7, 52nd Lt., 76 res. Dec. 27.  
GEO. P. ROSS, Pa. Battal. 20th Mch., res. to enter Navy and served as Capt. of Marines.  
GEORGE ROSS, Capt. Thompsons Pa. Rifle Battal., 25th June, Capt. 1st Cont. Inft. January 1, '76. Major and Major 1st Pa., June '77 to rank from Sep. 25, 76 to Col. 12 mch., Sept. 27, '76 Tr. to 8th Pa., Jan. 11, '77, res. Sept. 22, '77.  
JOHN ROSS, N. J. C. 3d N. J. Inf., Mch. '76 to Maj. 2d N. J. Apr. '79. Brig. Ins. Oct. '79 to Nov. '80, ret. Jan. 81, died Sept. 7, 1796.  
REUBEN ROSS, Conn., 1st Lt. Ransoms Wyoming Valley Co., 6 Aug. '76, res. Oct. '77.

WILLIAM ROSS, Va., put on pension roll Mch. 12, 1821, born in 1755, enlisted Jan. 1, '77, 28th inft., Capt. Geo. Lambert, Col. \_\_\_\_\_. Applied for pension from Greenville, Green Co., Ky., served in Volunteers with wagon and team, served with Washington with four of his brothers, one of whom was Alexander and the others probably James and John, were mustered out when the army under Washington was disbanded, either at Culpepper Ct. House, or Richmond, Va. This Wm. Ross was undoubtedly the father of grandfather of my children.

EDWARD ROSS applied for pension from Janesboro, Washington Co., Ky.

RACHEL ROSS, widow of George, applied, held for further proof.

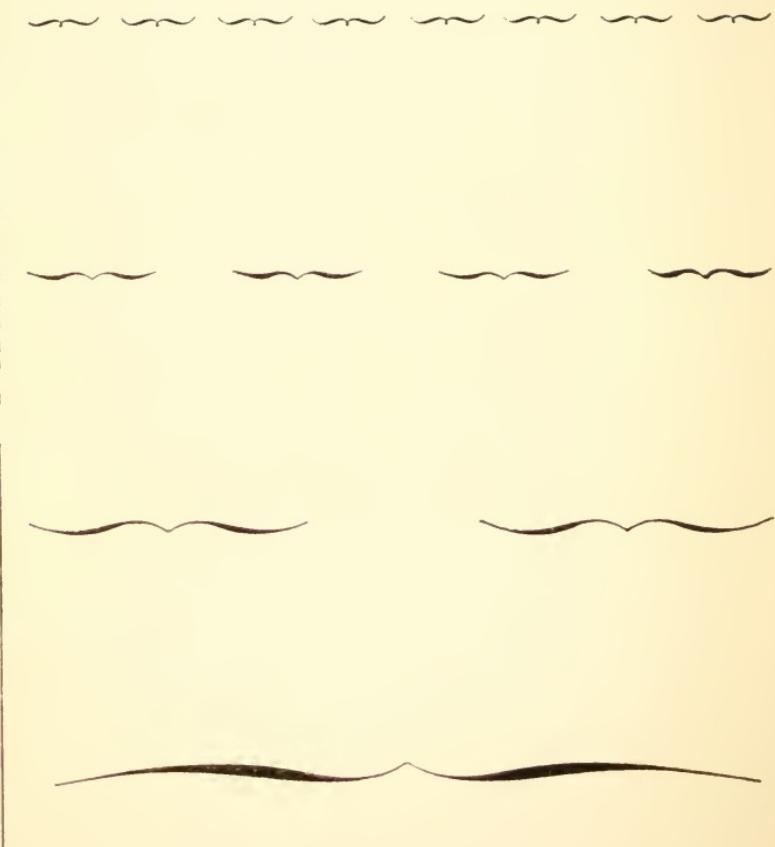
REUBEN ROSS applied from Morgan Co. Ct. House, Ill., held for further proof.

JAMES ROSS, Luzerne Co., Pa., Lambertsville Hunter, on Co., N. J. Dragoons of Capt. Wilkins Co., N. J. militia.

NATHANIEL BOOTH, Conn. Sgt. 3d Conn. 3d Feb., '77, Sgt. major, Oct. 15, '78, Ens. Feb. 26, '80, res. June 25, 1781.

The above particulars copied from Heitmans Historical Register of Revolutionary officers. From three of the volumes of pension register and the Virginia Historical Magazine in the Library of the Sons of the American Revolution in Chicago.

F A M I L Y   G E N E A L O G Y



### **A REQUEST.**

The blank pages here are inserted that the person receiving this book may add his or her personal characteristics and items of his family history.

In closing this incomplete sketch of the family, I would ask if any one now has any additional information or secures it hereafter in regard to the early history of the Mill's or collateral branches, that it will be sent to me at Sioux Falls, S. D.

F. M. MILLS.













